March 28th, 1914.

Queen Mary and the American Peeresses, page 1124.

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CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

No. 47.

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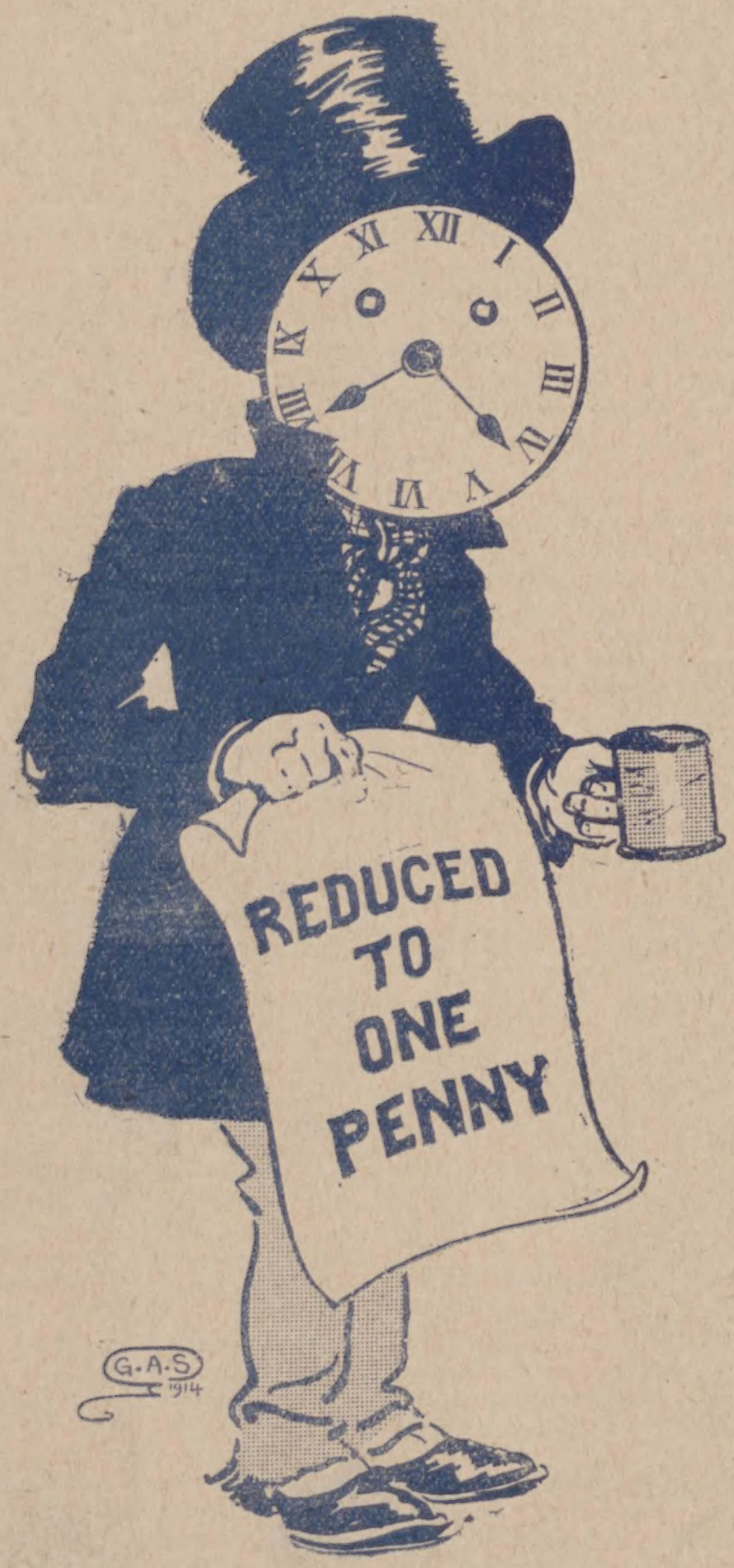

"THE LAST OF THE DANDIES."

Modern Life

No. 47. Week ending March 28. One Penny.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

There has been a tremendous amount of running to and fro across the Mall during the week, for Queen Alexandra's only remaining brother has been about, and the Royalties have not been able to make enough of him. Of course, the new book upon the late King of Greece (brother of Queen Alexandra and Prince Waldemar) has been a constant source of discussion. Waldemar of Denmark is the father of that excellent young Prince who is graduating in English agriculture on a farm in Gloucester, and who is said, in certain circles, to be destined for a charming young lady of the Blood Royal of England! And very nice, too! "Peter," however, must keep a sharp eye upon himself, for I hear there is a barmaid at Fairford who has already sent him her photograph, which reposes on the piano in His Royal Highness's little snuggery in the village. And it would *never* do for Princess Mary to marry a cousin who had "memories" of a barmaid! What *would* Queen Mary say if she knew! Phew!

* * *

The Democratic Duchess.

The Duchess of Rutland, who used to be such a crony of Queen Alexandra's in the days when she was Lady Granby, but who has not been seen at Court for a long time, except to present her several daughters, has been selling pottery—or was it palms?—at a big bazaar of a novel kind at one of the big emporia "down West." Everything was sold at the ordinary rate, but the day's proceeds, or the profits, will go to a deserving fund in which the Duchess is interested. Her Grace has never yet actually "kept shop" herself, like the widowed Lady Wimborne, but the sale was held at Mr. Selfridge's, where, on the day the show was opened, the wife of an English baronet sold goods behind the counter, *not* for charity, but in order to keep the wolf from the door!

* * *

Baronetess "Behind the Counter."

This was the clever Lady Affleck, wife of Sir Robert Affleck, a sporting baronet, who, after many vicissitudes, has been best known to fame of late as a negotiator of loans—particularly in connection with the Cocoa Tree Club in St. James's Street. The ancient home of the Afflecks was too near Newmarket for their purse, and the temptation to gamble, combined with the sporting instincts engendered by strains of the bluest blood in Britain, finally landed the Affleck family in difficulties which the present baronet didn't do much to solve. Eventually Sir "Bob" Affleck found himself absolutely stoney, and one night his able and handsome wife stood on the kerb at Marble Arch wondering where she could find a job that would "keep body and soul together."

* * *

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

Not to labour a painful story—one by no means rare amongst the "Upper Ten" however, as we could show—Lady Affleck started answering advertisements, and when she received a reply from Mr. Selfridge, who was then opening his big show at Oxford Street, he made the distressed wife of the ruined baronet an "inspector," on the strength of her wonderful knowledge of gowns and shops, her Ladyship having spent thousands of pounds herself in most of the show-rooms of London. Lady Affleck may be "inspecting" at the same rendezvous to this day, for aught we know. Anyway, Selfridges gave "a leg up" to an E lish baronetess on its first day, and Society, perhaps have had this in mind when the big bazaar came off.

* * *

The Plague of Foreign "Baronesses."

I hear that the King has caused to be despatched embassies in London injunctions to the effect that strict registry is to be kept of all persons bearing titles who are now in London, or are likely to country. For two or three years past there has series of very audacious robberies and frauds commi persons bearing foreign titles, while several ladies ha "up" before the courts bearing the titles of "Bar and "Countess," whose lives have been shown to be entirely below the standard of English Society. registry which is to be kept, so that no foreigner perly accredited can obtain any sort of social or recognition in London. The necessity for this regis be obvious when we point out that some of the families in Europe have fallen beneath a cloud. other day a member of the princely house of Metter the greatest diplomatic family in Europe—was convi a common fraud.

* * *

French Noble Smuggling Saccharine.

Only a year or two ago the Eulenbergs were eve signally besmirched. There is no necessity here more particularly to Prince Eulenberg's offence, one in which he had secretly persisted for years kingly encouragement. Since then Count Festetics powerful Hungarian family, has been on bail in the no less than £4,000 to answer to a London magistr alleged fraud, committed in Belgium, in connection pair of valuable earrings. And only the other day Maria Resseguier de Miremont, a peer of Austria, was sentenced to imprisonment for four mon smuggling saccharine.

* * *

Demoralisation of the Continental Nobility.

This demoralisation of so many of the best-known noble families is something which we are very glad unknown to the peerage of Great Britain. It is able fact, but a true one, that the members of the nobility are almost immune from such vulgar charg those mentioned above. In the past, peers have above suspicion in connection with the public servic those were times when even the monarchs were as as Indian rajahs, and the dynasties of the Stuarts an overians have passed for ever.

* * *

Things British Peers Do Not Do.

With the advent of Queen Victoria, new standards of rectitude began to permeate society, and corruption for instance, as that which put two million pounds pocket of a Duke of Bolton when he was paymaster Navy—is a thing unknown amongst the peerage century. In fact, it may be said, without a exaggeration, that the British peerage sets an exam purity which the world has never previously known. rate, it is a long time since a British noble was hauled a police-court on a vulgar charge of stealing carriage

* * *

Scottish Duke's Daughter's Remarkable Marri

The charge against Count Andor Festetics will echoes not merely in Hungary, but in Britain. The the House of Festetics to-day is Count Tassilo Feste Vienna and Kesthely, in Hungary. Count Tassilo is a ful Austrian statesman, who was formerly chief cup to the Emperor, and subsequently high steward Count's lady is a Scotswoman—Lady Mary Hamilton, not only the daughter of a Duke of Hamilton, of Ha Palace, but is a cousin of the Emperor Napoleon III. three years ago Lady Mary was married to H.S.H. the of Monaco, by whom she had a son, Prince Albert Hereditary Prince of Monaco, who is now serving French Army.

After eleven years of reign in Monaco, however Princess divorced her Royal husband, and a few later she married Count Tassilo Festetics, by whom a daughter, who married, in 1905, Prince Karl Wi graetz, a member of one of the Royal mediatised h Europe, another member of which, Prince Otto Windisch-graetz, is the husband of the only child late Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph (only son aged Emperor Francis Joseph) and Princess Stepha

Belgium, so that Lady Mary has a connection with the Hapsburgs as well as the Bonapartes.

* * *

Douglases, Who Never Make a Mistake.

While Lord Alfred Douglas is "in hiding" in Paris, and the rest of the Queensberry Douglases are "under a cloud," the other branch of the family, the Earl of Morton and his kin, are maintaining their reputation for smug respectability and exclusiveness. The Earl of Morton is, curiously enough, as proud of his lineage as the more prominent branch of the Sholto Douglases are contemptuous of it. The Morton Douglases never marry out of their caste. Only the very oldest families are considered by them, when it comes to marrying, and his Lordship's son's engagement to the pretty daughter of Lord and Lady Raglan should give the Earl immense satisfaction. For the Raglans, of course, boast a few Plantagenet corpuscles, and have been in the peerage for five hundred years. Lord Raglan is almost the least conspicuous peer in Britain, as for many years he has been Governor of the Isle of Man, and permanently sequestrated in that delectable spot.

* * *

A Stranger in the House.

I remember, some four or five years ago, I was talking to the Duke of Portland in the Lords, when a long, angular, war-worn looking figure arose from the backest bench and proceeded to address the House. All the Lords turned round involuntarily (thus showing that, even amongst themselves, human curiosity is more potent than Norman blood), and the before-mentioned war-worn figure, in the voice of a major of Sepoys just home from the Shiny, proceeded to say "a few words" about the Duke of Bedford's plea for better treatment for the Militia. Portland and I had just entered the door of the Lords, and His Grace turned to me in sheer astonishment and exclaimed: "Great Scott, if it isn't Raglan, of all men!" It was excusable of the Lords to turn round, for though Lord Raglan had been a member of the House for thirty years, he was totally unknown there, and had never addressed his brother peers before!

* * *

The Snuggest Job in the Empire.

An old Afghan campaigner, Lord Raglan has for something over a decade enjoyed a position where the "Prerogatives" are more kingly than the King's! As Governor in Man, Lord Raglan is the successor of the Kings and Lords of Man, who formerly ruled it as an absolute monarchy. His Lordship prorogues and dissolves the House of Keys, which cannot meet without his precept. He is President of the Legislative Council (or Upper House) and the Tynwald Court (both branches of the Legislature sitting as one) which cannot meet without his presence, nor adjourn but on his motion; and he not only interferes in their debates, but can vote in their proceedings, and in the Legislative Council has the casting vote. He can initiate both legislation and taxation, and without his consent no law and no tax can be either made or repealed. He has likewise a direct veto on all expenditure; is Chancellor of the Exchequer; and President of the Local Government Board. Nor is this all.

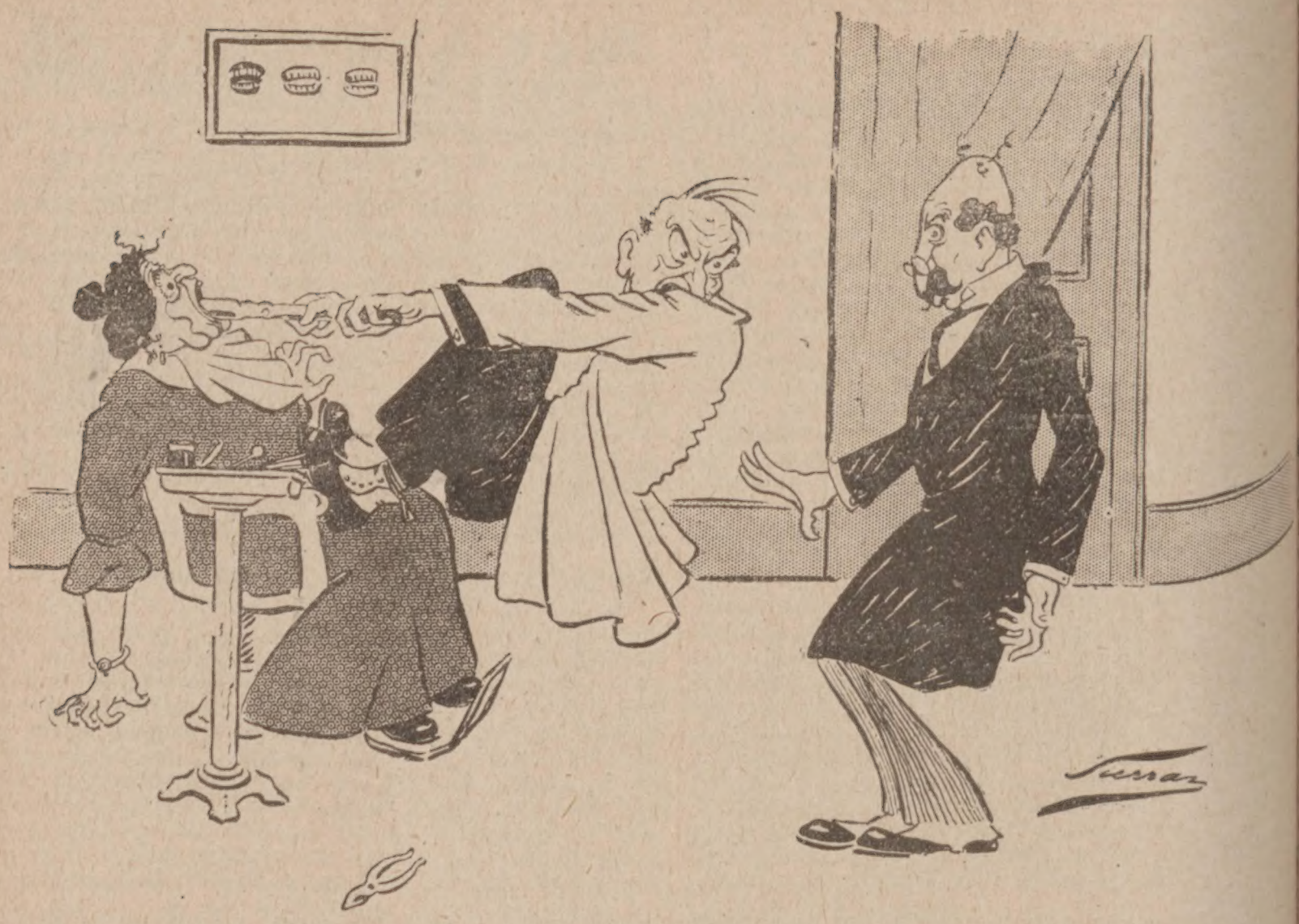
* * *

More a King than George Rex Himself.

He is Lord Chief Justice of Appeal in Civil Cases, and President of the Court of General Jail Delivery—the highest criminal court in the island. He is Captain-General of the Manx military forces, and Chief Commissioner of the Police and Prison. All civil appointments are made on his recommendation; he examines and admits members of the Bar, and thirteen out of seventeen Church livings in the island are in his gift. He exercises the Sovereign's right of pardon, and must feel himself much more a King than does George Rex, for Lord Raglan is confronted by the necessity of exercising these all-but-Royal prerogatives nearly every day. His grandfather was that son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort

JUST THE THING.

She: "Can't you suggest some dress for me for the Carnival? It must be topical but economical."
He: "How would the Rokeby Venus do?"



DISINTERESTED.

"Good Heavens, Doctor, steady! You will be dragging out all her teeth."
"What does it matter to you? I shall only charge you for one."

who took the British Army to the Crimea as Field-Marshal, and himself died at Sebastopol. The Raglan peerage was his reward, together with a fine seat at Usk, in Monmouthshire. The secret behind the latest "Society romance" is, of course, that it is a family affair, the two mothers of the future bride and bridegroom both being Ponsonbys of Bessborough.

* * *

"As Might Have Been Expected!"

That irrepressible minx, Eulalie of Spain, has broken out again, and has been saying all sorts of touchy things about herself and her relations in Spain. She has also been telling things to the Editor of a London magazine—not the *Hibbert Journal*, of course!—and month by month the people of these islands—who are not used to the confidences of Royalty—are being regaled with the domestic doings of King Alfonso's famous aunt, and her kith and kin. Spain happens to be one of the few countries in Europe where women can reign, and Infanta Eulalie was "sacrificed" as a girl in order that the succession to the Spanish throne—then in a very parlous state—might be assured. Her protests against marrying the Duc de Montpensier's son were of no avail, and the marriage turned out "as might have been expected." The Duc de Montpensier had secretly threatened to foment another Spanish Revolution if Princess Eulalie refused to marry his son, and, as all the troubles in Spain for the last hundred years—including the Seven Years War—were on account of the succession difficulties, poor Eulalie simply could not help herself.

* * *

No Assistance from King Alfonso.

For the last twenty years she has refused to live with her unpleasant husband, and the latter has been well paid out for marrying her, for he cannot get a divorce in Spain, and in France he has lost his French citizenship, which his father sacrificed on marrying a Spanish princess as long ago as 1846. Eulalie's husband is known as the Duke of Galliera, and he is now applying to France to make him a "citizen" again, so that he may be free to marry someone else. The French treat the Duke with appalling chilliness, albeit he is a grandson of Louis Phillipe, but as he was born at Seville, and married the sister of King Alfonso's father, he is hardly recognised in Paris, and his chance of getting French citizenship (and divorce) in Paris is remote. King Alfonso has got to be thought of, and His Most Christian ab... refuses to consent to it, in spite of his quarrels wi... wayward aunt.

* * *

Queen Mary and the Americans.

"Consternation" is the only word that describe... latest emotion in Anglo-American Society in London. dollar princesses have scored so tremendously during... last twenty years that some of the "best people" have... made to feel "out in the cold." As Princess of Wales... Mary never took kindly to American ladies, but her... position is such that Her Majesty has been compelled... accord signal recognition to them, and, as a matter of... become very gracious to certain of the American peer... But an incident occurred the other night which has... effect of mitigating this interest to a considerable deg... perhaps for ever. It occurred in the house of an Ir... peer whom Their Majesties honoured with a visit for d...

Amongst the guests were two American ladies, who... ever, did not dine at the Royal table, at which only... guests sat down. During the meal a waiter, on pas... behind one of the smaller tables, accidentally dropp... fish-knife on the shoulder of one of the American la... who, from beneath the bank of azaleas which she w... thought concealed her from the direct view of the C... gave vent to an expression which promptly brought... attention of the whole room for one painful second o... her. Queen Mary looked up in surprise, and whispered s... thing to the Ambassador to whom she was conversing. sequel followed quickly enough.

* * *

American Peeresses Awaiting the Royal Comm...

Of the thirty-odd American ladies who wear ... coronets, only three have yet been honoured with the ... sence of Queen Mary at dinner. Needless to say, ... others look to one or other of these three favoured o... to get them invitations when Royalty is coming to dine. is well recognised by Their Majesties that this is pe... natural, and it does a good deal to cement the ... between this country and America. One of the three ... ladies is the Countess of Granard, formerly Miss ... Mills, of New York.

Wonder There is "Consternation!"

Whenever the King and Queen go to Lady Granard's to ner, which they do once every season (Lord Granard g the King's Master of the Horse) Their Majesties are ful to include two or three of Lady Granard's com- ots amongst the ladies who are to dine with them. rally it is Lady Granard's mother, Mrs. Ogden Mills, or Countess of Ancaster (née Miss Eloise Breeze, of New , or the Duchess of Roxburghe, (née Miss Ogden of Newport, U.S.A.), or Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Lady 's aunt. At the beginning of the season Queen intimated her command to Lord and Lady Granard dinner at his Lordship's house in Halkin Street for last day night, and, in due course, the list of guests to be arrived from Buckingham Palace. What was Lady 's astonishment to find that not one American was ded in the list. And her Ladyship was well aware that seven of her friends from New York who had married were awaiting the Royal command to Forbes House!

* * *

e Old Noblesse of Britain.

On Thursday night over thirty covers were laid at Lady ard's—thirty of them personal friends of Their Majesties ding Mr. John Burns) with Sir Samuel and Lady s, out of compliment to the Radical Ministry which d Granard represents in the Royal Household. All the s were old members of Their Majesties' own immediate e! The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire (the Queen's ess of the Robes), Lord and Lady Crewe (Lord Rose- 's daughter), Lady Mar and Kellie, Georgina Lady ley (who is never omitted from a Royal dinner in this, o the last reign) Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux, Field- hal Sir John French and Lady French, the Douglas gs (Lady Haig was, until her marriage, a Maid-of- our), the Churchills, Lord Duncannon and his new ch wife, Sir Edward Grey, the only Garter commoner; d and Lady Lovat (daughter of "The Ancestor" Lord lesdale), "blood", and Lady Ponsonby made up a party which could scarcely be excelled amongst the Old lesse of Britain.

* * *

mericans Feeling Chilly.

Lady Granard is herself a perfect hostess, as our readers now and on Thursday night she wore a handsome gown nuve satin, with pearl and diamond ornaments—but too many! Orchids provided the dinner-table decora- tions in profusion, and the King and Queen faced each other on opposite sides of one large table. But Lady Granard's American friends must be feeling distinctly chilly!

* * *

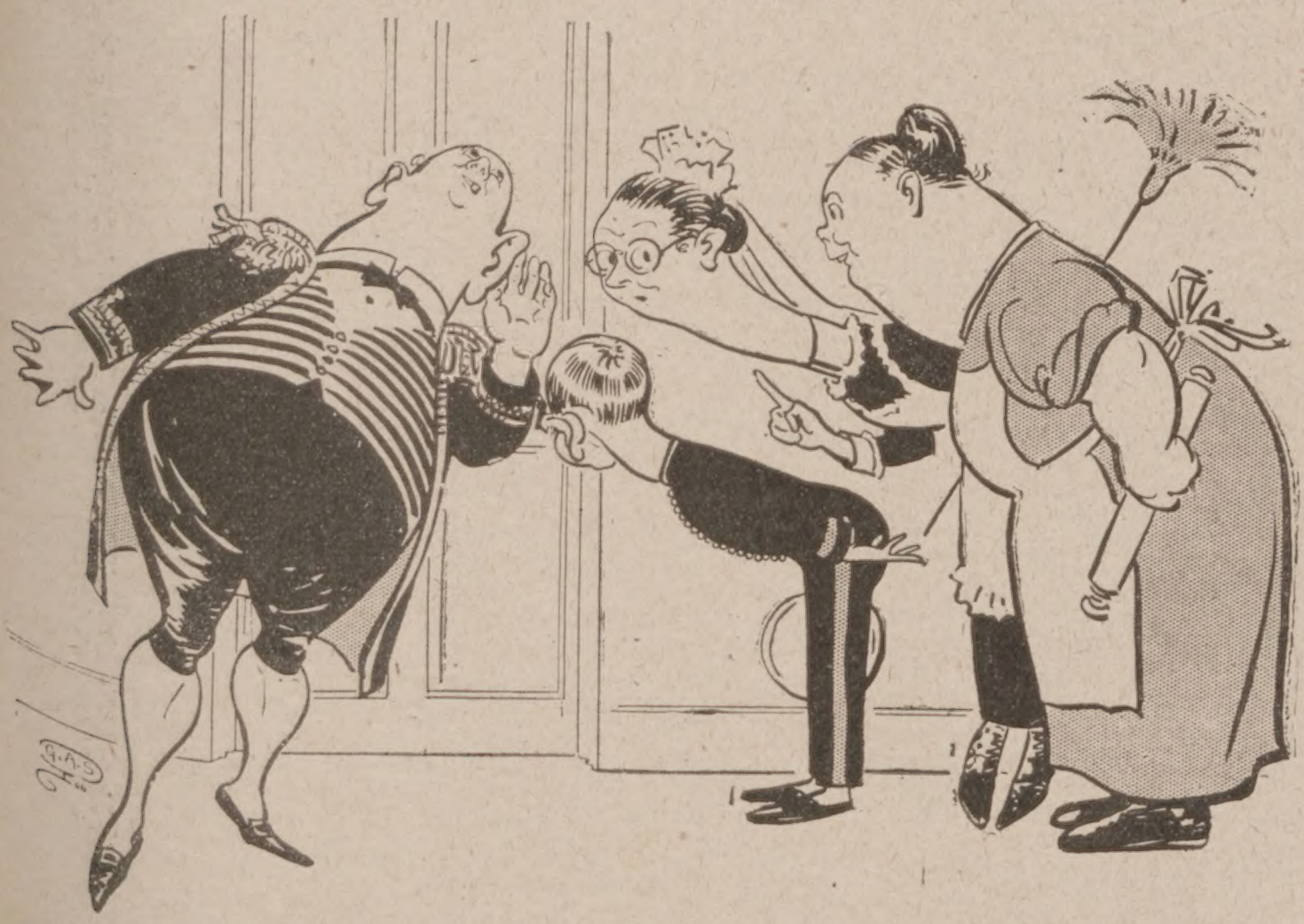
A Mystery Explained.

The announcement that the trustees of Mrs. Waldo-Sibthorp's annual wedding dowry of £100 each to two poor girls of Sleaford, Lincolnshire, are inviting would-be brides to send in their names, brings to mind the inner story of an abandoned wedding engagement, and a fortune of £150,000 left to charities. Mrs. Waldo-Sibthorp had been thrice happily married, and when seventy she told a friend she would take a fourth husband if a baronet came along. One did, and a marriage was arranged, but to everybody's surprise the engagement was "off" at the last moment, and at her death about a month later it was found that all her money had been left to charities. In memory of her happy wedded life Mrs. Waldo-Sibthorp bequeathed £4,000 to provide annually marriage portions for two deserving brides, her "desire being that two young girls might each year be thereby made very happy."

* * *

The Best Laid Plans "Gang Aft Agley."

It seems that the old lady's remark about a fourth husband was repeated in the presence of a hanger-on of society who was in communication with a matrimonial agent, hence the appearance on the scene of a baronet in financial difficulties who wanted a rich wife. Matters were wangled nicely, introductions effected, and soon the couple were engaged, the lady not having the slightest idea that there had been any manœuvring. The baronet promised, when the event came off, to hand £5,000 to the intermediaries, but the day before the wedding the prospective bride received an anonymous letter giving the whole show away. On being taxed with the scheme the would-be Benedick admitted everything, but Mrs Waldo-Sibthorp would have nothing more to do with him. Then she made a will leaving all to charity, and within a month was dead. This much-married lady's last husband was Colonel F. R. Waldo-Sibthorp, a Crimean veteran and third son of a famous and eccentric M.P., Colonel Sibthorp, the unbending hope of the Protectionists of Lincoln. The Sibthorps, who have lived in the Fens since Domesday Book, prefixed the name of Waldo in memory of their kinsman, Peter Waldo, of Mitcham, Surrey, and to them has belonged the first folio Shakespeare, just sold to an American for £5,000.



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

No. 2.—CURIOSITY.

MORE OR LESS.

Two Blues.

Napoleon called us a nation of shop-keepers. But if he had lived in boat-race days I think he would have altered his jibe. At Putney, at any rate, we are all water-men and water-women. Even the babies are water-babies, and gaze with solemn eyes at the boys in blue as they thread an azure or sapphire way through the crowds on the tow-path that gather to watch the daily practice of the boats. Cambridge, of course, is first favourite. The light-blues are giants all, and their looks, no less than their prowess, have captured all hearts. Feminine Putney argues shrilly as to which of these azure Prince Charmings is the handsomest, and if one of them deigns to look the way of a pretty girl—my gracious—that pretty girl is a proud one as well. Poor Oxford is quite out in the cold. Everything is against them, their rowing and their looks. Still, the girls smile at them when Cambridge is afloat. If you can't have one man another will do just as well. That is feminine logic. It must be nice to be so young that when a boy in muddy boots and an ill-fitting flannel coat glances your way you feel like Cleopatra seducing Antony. For myself, I say quite candidly I must be growing old, for when, like a certain Biblical lady, I leant out of my window the other day, and young Oxford passing glanced up at me, I only thought what a pity it was the present-day sporting youth thinks it incumbent upon him to dress so untidily.

* * * *

"Let Them Die."

So says Dr. Mercier of the Suffragettes who refuse to take food while in prison. But, my dear man, you can't! Think a moment! It wouldn't be one woman, or even two or three, you allow to die, but all womanhood. You would be digging Eve's grave, and goodness knows what happen to Adam then. A woman may be a nuisance, or mad, or even bad, but she is the essence of life for all that. By killing one woman you robbing all the others of their natural birth-right chivalry and protection. Some women have no these, of course. But they should be hers none for that. Women may wage war on men, but it man to retaliate. He should see in every woman plain, however wrong-headed, however deluded of the race. And just because every woman carries her the seed of life all her sins, whether of sex or should be forgiven her by the men it took other create.

* * *

Devilish!

I see the Censor has refused to pass the film-play "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil." This is although salmon is cheap, sin is at a discount. producer try again after Easter and see if he can't play approved then. In the meantime he might all his principal characters. He is almost sure to with the Censor if he does that. It's a funny even in these modern days the very name of the devil before you a mental picture of a gentleman in a pitchfork and a tail. The devil may have but it was the sinner who invented his tail. so convenient to pull.

* * *

Too Much or too Little?

Most women find it bad enough to be married man at a time, so all my sympathy goes out Hungarian lady who was married to the best absence of the bridegroom at the civil ceremony, find out after she had been wedded to Simon Pure in church, that as the had signed his name in the civil register, she was married to two husbands. rather how she managed things in the and whether the deputy was the the honeymoon, or whether the deputised.

* * *

Scent and Business.

I can't say I am in favour of the novel recently adopted by one City firm to business relations with another. had his letter written in a feminine feminine blue paper, thoroughly a sachet bought expressly for the he posted it. His reason for because he was quite sure no firm to whom he addressed this doux would dare to open and destined source a communication of patchouli but spoke of profit. deserve to get the business that the scented enterprise, for he always a dangerous thing to do. the bombshell a scented letter in feminine hand might prove to be. been known to go to their husbands sometimes have their directed straight to their homes. in her seven senses, and an extra tive use, would ever believe that ness went together?

* * *

"No Trumps."

I am very glad that the man who ungallant recently as to bring promise action against a lady was Queen of the Cocos Island may be) and he thought he heart. But it transpired that the foreigner, had not realised quite which the discarded lover wished a financial one of the words So that, in spite of his wanting darling dear the judge dismissed the the lady wasn't mulcted even Quite right too. The woman pays cash.

LOUISE HELGE

"If it didn't make me so giddy, Jack, I could dance to Heaven with you."
"Let's reverse."

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

The ways of the Great Unpaid are as dark and mysterious as those of the heathen Chinese. At Reading the other day a man was charged with ill-treating a dog with almost incredible cruelty, but the Bench merely told the defendant he had been guilty of a very cruel act, and fined him ten shillings! Six months' hard labour would not have been inadequate.

* * *

This journal does not advocate brutal sentences; indeed, we should protest if occasion demanded against the savagery of some Benches of magistrates; but we feel certain that every right-minded person will agree that the magistrates in this case showed a strange lack of appreciation of the seriousness of the charge. To brutes of this sort a fine does not meet the necessities of the case.

* * *

In Yorkshire, too, a bench of Great Unpaid failed lamentably in their duty. A farmer was only fined £3 for fastening a sheep-dog to a stake on the foreshore of the river Don for the tide to drown it. Three tides rose and fell, and after moaning and howling all one day, all night, and best part of another day, the poor beast died from exhaustion. The only way to bring home to callous brutes of this description the heinousness of their offence is to make them suffer bodily pain similar to that which they inflict on dumb animals. This, of course, cannot be done, but it is within the power of magistrates to inflict severe terms of hard labour.

* *

Lord Willoughby de Broke would be well advised in leaving politics alone. His extraordinary speeches at various times have caused the party of which he imagines himself an oratorical and shining light to exclaim, and his "Conscription for the sons of gentlemen" scheme is considered the limit. This Warwickshire peer had far better devote himself to hunting, and the management of his estate at Kineton, as did his father, a peer with a really marvellous flow of language in the hunting field. Or if this life should not be exciting enough Lord Willoughby might find variety in theatrical enterprise, for he has, we believe, a liking for things theatrical.

* * *

The temperance reformer should be gratified with the progress which has apparently been made in South West Middlesex. The hostelries there have a prominently displayed notice that after Sunday, March 8th, the hours of opening will be from 12.30 until 2.30, and evenings as usual. Though the notice does not say so, it means that instead of opening on Sundays at one o'clock and closing at three, the times will be half an hour earlier. It seems that thirsty individuals living in Middlesex have by crossing into Surrey, where the hours on Sunday are from 12.30 to 2.30, got extra time for refreshment, as have Surrey people proceeding into Middlesex.

* * *

It is strange how habit becomes second nature. There is a retired financier who has made a big fortune by none too creditable means, and now poses as a man of fashion, but though he has almost everything he could want, he cannot leave finance alone, and a sharp, not to say shady, deal appeals to him more than a perfectly straightforward transaction. Recently he badly let in an aristocratic acquaintance, who is not slow in expressing his opinion to all and sundry of the ex-financier and his methods.

* * *

The difficulty experienced in changing one's habits reminds us of that Chicago meat packing magnate, the late Nelson Morris, whom a famous authoress made much of through his generosity to a pet scheme at Stratford-on-Avon. He had begun life by buying up pigs and beasts which were injured en route to the Chicago stock yards, and when he owned a magnificent mansion, filled with the choicest art treasures, nothing pleased him more than to go down in the early morning to his establishment, kill and dress a calf, and take the sweetbread home for breakfast!

* * *

A noble family are much concerned at the infatuation of the heir of their house for a young actress, but there is no cause for alarm. The lady is by no means enamoured, and the position and wealth she would have as his wife have failed to attract. The family would not, of course, think so, but candid people say the young man would be the fortunate one if the affair comes to anything, for the actress is decently connected, accomplished, and sensible, just the sort of wife wanted by the rather stupid head of a noble line not over-blessed with brains. A leaven of common-sense might do something towards counteracting the inherent family wildness.

* *

The layman does not care to run up against the expert, but is the Privileges Committee of the Lords correct in stating that there is no evidence of the existence or descent of the alleged barony of Dynaunt in the report on the claim to the honour? There was a Baron Dinan (which name eventually became Dynant, or Dynham) and he was summoned to Parliament in Edward I.'s reign as a Baron from June 23, 1295, to December 20th, 1299, as records prove. For some reason no writ of summons was issued for some generations, but on February 28th, 1466, Baron Dinan's direct descendant, Sir John Dynham, a favourite of Edward IV., and a zealous supporter of the House of York, was summoned to Parliament as a Baron.

* * *

Never make friends with a journalist if you do not want to run the risk of one day seeing some of your most tricky little confessions trotted out into the unexpected publicity of cold print. A certain charming little lady of Brook Street, and a clever but invariably impecunious, Fleet Street scribbler have just "fallen out" over this very point. The lady, it appears, had confided to the journalist a certain highly flavoured piece of scandal concerning a very Important Personage with whom she was on terms of great intimacy, and a few days later was horrified to discover her confidence betrayed into the flagrant phraseology of a weekly journal. To make matters worse the Important Personage at once guessed the source from which the information had sprung. A really terrible scene took place behind the dainty lace curtains of Milady's drawing-room. Then the Personage flounced furiously out of the house, vowing eternal warfare. The journalist has not yet plucked up sufficient courage to put in an appearance.

First Death Boy: "If the devil lost his tail where could he get another?"
Second Death Boy: "Dunno. Where?"
First Death Boy: "At a bar where they retail bad spirits."

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

THUNDERING IN A BATHROOM.

Our dear old friend the *Times*, after going to sleep like Rip Van Winkle for a score of years or so, has broken out in a fresh place with a vengeance, and so, of course, England is herself again. Never, even in the days of Delane, did the Thunderer thunder as it has done during the past fortnight, and that is saying a good deal. But of course it is a different kind of thunder. The old days when a newspaper could perch itself on its high pedestal and lecture the world in a high and mighty style, such as the *Times* used to affect, are as dead as a red herring. The public are too educated and sensible in these days to swallow the editorial "we," and all the heavy, stilted, expansive balderdash that is signified by that little word of affectation. The public, too long spoofed in the days when England was ruled by the aristocracy, know to-day that the "we" who used to give them his oracular high-and-mightiness in the *Times* was after all only a common-or-garden individual like themselves, with a little more education, true, but just a human being writing one human being's thoughts, or, worse still, putting down what the proprietor of his paper told him to put down. What a strange comment it is on human nature, to think to-day of all the power and foolish dignity of the *Times* in the old days, and then to compare it with the startling fact that The Thunderer has at last come down to a "penny popular," and has thus admitted that it is after the shekels like ordinary mortals and ordinary papers! The world must assuredly be coming to an end when we see the good old *Times* on such a warpath as it has trodden during the past two weeks. The "greatest newspaper in the world," as they call it, in the hands of the man who founded *Answers* in a little back street off the Strand; the man who during the whole of his newspaper career, through fifty papers, from *Answers* to the *Times*, has had one policy and one only, the purveying of jackasseries for the delectation of the gullible public! The man who got a peerage by changing the policy of the *Daily Mail* on a question of Imperial politics in about ten minutes on that memorable evening when alone in a little room in Downing Street he dined with the Prime Minister of England, and allowed himself to be twirled and twisted round the little finger of a great man for the sake of a peerage of England. Not that Lord Northcliffe is very much to blame. For whatever the idealistic, other-world sort of people may think, Lord Northcliffe only did openly and before all the world what nine-tenths of humanity do, or would do if they had the chance. For nine-tenths of humanity are after the dibs all the time, although it is perfectly true that very many of them prefer to plaster themselves with hypocrisy and saintliness and rob their neighbours under the ægis of a Sunday-school, rather than come out into the open and admit that they are after cash with a bit of fame tacked on to it by hook or by crook.

It is utterly impossible for a man to run a newspaper exactly as he would like, from the ideal point of view, to run it. He is the servant of the public, and if he has any sense he gives the public what they want and damns the consequences, so long as he keeps within the legitimate bounds of the standard of rectitude that the world is satisfied to ask for, and puts in a bit on his own account for the welfare of human nature as a whole. Lord Northcliffe has followed this policy, and if it amused him to hanker after a peerage without doing harm to anybody, why on earth should he be blamed in the way in which so many envious critics are fond of blaming him? There is not a daily paper in London that can afford to throw stones at this Napoleon of journalism, and it may be added that there is not one of them that is not shaking in its shoes at the sight of the inauguration of the biggest newspaper fight in the history of England. A lot of water has flowed under London Bridge since Delane and Walter made of the *Times* a national institution; and most assuredly a lot more will flow down to the sea before the organising genius who has once more startled the world goes to the happy hunting grounds where flimsies are unknown and Fleet Street is no more.

I wonder whether you know the story of how Alfred Harmsworth, as he was then, interviewed Cecil Rhodes? It is a story that illustrates to perfection the way in which Lord Northcliffe has attained his great position. The Colossus of South Africa was a man who had no objection whatever to getting on the right side of journalists, whatever it might cost in the way of cash, and he had a quite proper conception of the possibilities of the Press, and of the absolute necessity of having newspapers on his side, if he was to do anything towards the things of which he dreamt. Alfred Harmsworth was a man, in the early days of the *Daily Mail* (and is the same to-day), who had one outstanding idea as to the way to make a paper "go." He had one motto—to get into his paper at any cost the things that no other paper could get. To do—to interview, for instance, on matters of moment, men who absolutely refused to be interviewed on any question whatever. Cecil Rhodes was one of these. He was a man who loved to control papers behind the scenes, and he never scrupled to pay, or bribe, or whatever you like to call it, so long as he could achieve his ends. The end justified the means—that was his motto throughout life. But when he got up against Alfred Harmsworth he found another man with precisely the same idea, and there was a battle of giants. Rhodes was on his way to England on important business. He and his policy were in everybody's mind. Napoleonic Alfred picked out one of the ablest journalists in London and sent him to Madeira with instructions to join Rhodes's boat, to travel home with him, and to spare no expense to interview the giant of South Africa. The picked journalist arrived back at the *Daily Mail* office with no interview. Another picked journalist was sent to Rhodes's hotel in London, but he too returned, beaten and discomfited. Then Alfred Harmsworth took the bull by the horns. Storming in wrath he tramped his office-floor and swore by all the gods that he would interview Rhodes. He was laughed at by the whole of his staff. He was smiled at by the whole of Fleet Street, whom gossip had informed of the state of affairs. But he went on his way. He drove to Rhodes's hotel and took a suite of rooms next to the suite occupied by the great man. Early the next morning he tipped Rhodes's valet to take a "very urgent cable" to a cable office some distance away, and thus got rid of the first lion in his path. Then he gently listened outside Rhodes's suite of rooms. He heard sounds. He listened again. Yes it was the splashing of water. The Colossus must be having his morning bath. Harmsworth gently slipped through the outside door into the ante-room. The splashing splashed louder than ever. The great man *was* having his bath, and the great journalist found himself listening at the bathroom door. What was he to do? He knew exactly what to do, as he has always done. He didn't hesitate. He opened the bathroom door and beheld the naked form of the man who was building empires lying luxuriously in the liquid that he loved (for external use only). "Who the devil are you?" growled Cecil Rhodes as he only could growl. "I'm a journalist," said the proprietor of the *Daily Mail*. "Then get to hell out of it," replied the Colossus, taking him for a reporter. "I want to interview you," said Harmsworth, as cool as a cucumber in the presence of greatness. "I'm going to interview you," he continued, without moving a muscle, and casually slamming the door. "I never give interviews," replied Rhodes, struggling to soap that particular part of the back that it is so difficult to reach, but calming down at the unperturbable impudence of the young man, a trait that he always admired in human character. Then Harmsworth, like a flash of lightning, felt that he had got his man. But he never for a moment forgot the diplomacy that has always been a marked characteristic of him. He just smiled to himself, and then as Rhodes stepped out and towelled himself, and then immediately changed the subject. "You should get one of those long bath-brushes for your back, Mr. Rhodes," he said. "What bath-brushes?" "Those long ones—you can get them at any store." But Rhodes, proceeding to dry himself, was not yet beaten. He pulled himself together and followed along to his dressing-room. Harmsworth followed. Then, gliding gracefully towards the Empire subject, he was then in Rhodes's, and everybody else's, mind, he rose to his prey. The "old man" couldn't help talking about it. He was full of it. But he pulled himself together again. Harmsworth asked permission to publish the interview. Rhodes refused. Harmsworth insisted. "I have a policy," he said; "you have a policy. I want to boom my paper, I want to boom your policy. I'm the proprietor of the *Daily Mail*." Rhodes looked up, wondering at the boyish appearance of the man, and at his colossal cheek. The battle ceeded to dress. Soon he was spick-and-span for riding the Park. And as he strode out, tapping his leggings with his crop, he smiled at Harmsworth with a smile that only a journalist could mistake. "Where did you say I could get those damned brushes?" he growled. "Oh, at any store, Mr. Rhodes, at any store."

The man who could do that will make the *Times* pay a penny or die in the attempt.

JONATHAN GRUB STREET

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

what's an inscrutable smile?"
the kind, my son, your mother had on her face this
ng when I told her business might keep me out late

* * *

ONE ON THE TEACHER.

while being reprimanded by his teacher for some
ncanour, sat down, leaving her standing.
reminded him that no gentleman should seat himself
he lady with whom he is conversing remains standing.
t this is a lecture," replied Billy, "and I am the
ce."

* * *

istrate: Tell me, have you ever seen the prisoner at
r?
ess: No, your Honour; but I've often seen him when
gly suspected he'd been at it.

* * *

in growing a moustache."
someone told me."

* * *

JOHNNY'S PROGRESS.

m glad to see you home, Johnny," said the father
small son who was back on his holidays. "How
u getting on at school?"
e," said Johnny. "I have learned to say 'Thank
nd 'If you please' in French."
od!", said the father. "That's more than you ever
d to say in English."

* * *

he an actor?"
y, he told me he was on the stage!"
he is."

* * *

or: Excuse me, madam, your husband has a weakness
iskey!
: Oh no, doctor. He has more of a strongness for it—
ays takes it neat.

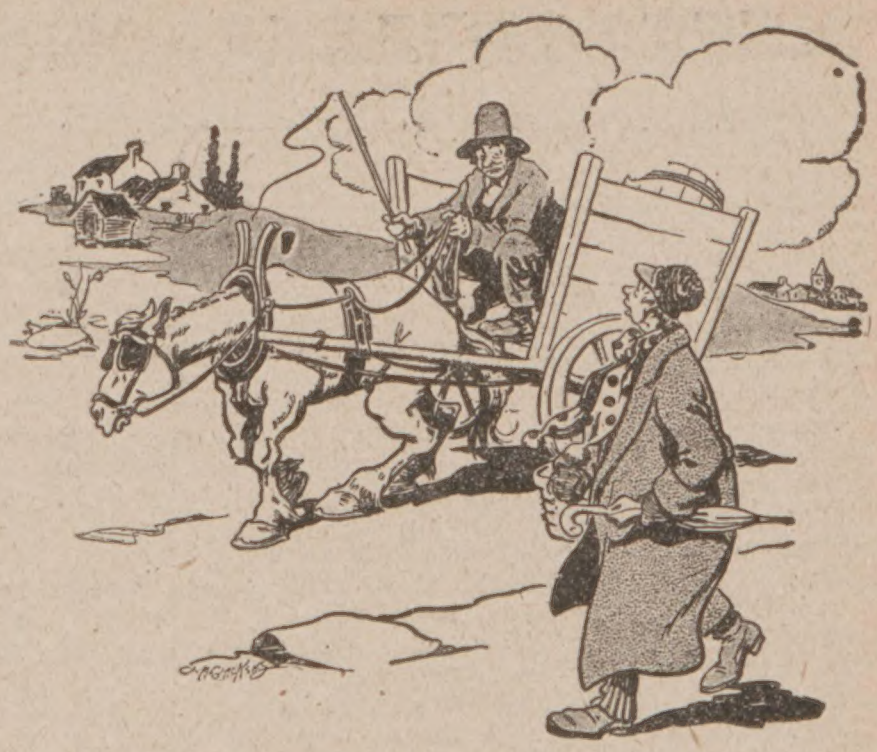
* * *

DANGEROUS.

risky business making pointed remarks about any
y so?"
ause you may have to swallow them."

* * *

ie: "Who was that man you introduced me to last
y: "A friend of mine, Jones."
ie: "Well, when he had heard me sing he said he
give anything if he had my voice."
y: "I don't wonder. He's an auctioneer."



FASHION ON THE FARM.

"What's the matter, neighbour? Your mare sick?"
"Naw! Bill druv her to town the other day, and ever since she got hum she's been cultivatin' this doggone ingenue slump"—"Puck."

THE FEMININE WAY.

Reggy: I thought you'd forgiven what I said and promised to forget it?

Peggy: But I didn't promise to let you forget I'd forgiven it.—*Chicago News.*

* * *

She (sentimental): Three years I was engaged to him—three beautiful, happy years—then it was all over!

He (sympathetic): Oh, I suppose you married him then? *Fliegende Blätter.*

* * *

ALMOST.

Jones: Thinks he's the whole thing, does he?

Smith: Well, I'd hardly go as far as that; but he certainly considers himself a quorum.—*Smart Set.*

* * *

"What do you want?" demanded Mr. Newlywed, as he confronted the tramp at the door of his little week-end cottage, down in the country. "Breakfast or work?" "Both, sir," the wayfarer timidly ventured in reply. "H'm!" said Mr. Newlywed; and disappeared momentarily into the house. Presently he returned, carrying a large piece of bread. "Then eat that," he exclaimed, savagely, "and you'll have both!"—*Houston Post.*

* * *

A LAST RESORT.

Jinks: Would you marry for money?

Binks: Not until I've exhausted every reasonable means of getting it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

* * *

A REAL MOURNER.

"What are you wearing that thing for?" asked Mrs. Gabb, when her husband came home with a band of crape around his hat.

"For your first husband," replied Mr. Gabb. "I'm sorry he died."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

* * *

NO DISPUTE POSSIBLE.

"My dog took first prize at the cat show."

"How was that?"

"He took the cat."—*Columbia Jester.*

* * *

THE GODS AND MAN.

After the Gods had created woman they were so gracious as to ask man what he thought of her.

"Isn't she—er—rather foolish and irrational?" ventured man, after a moment's thought.

"That's so she may live in the same world with you and still be happy!" retorted the Gods, tartly.

And man had to acknowledge that the ambrosia was on him.—*Puck.*

...u love me! Go on, you don't mean it!"
...n't mean it? Do you think I should be spoiling my trousers for nothing?"
—"Le Rire."

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

The aviators who were so beautifully hoaxed at Hendon weren't nearly as "fly" as one might have expected.

* * *

If the lawyer's wife has come to realise that "fine feathers make fine bills," and if she has promised her husband to put a curb upon her inordinately extravagant taste for osprey?

* * *

If Lady Randolph Churchill dropped a glove at Queen's Hall the other afternoon, and if a certain programme seller is now cherishing it fondly under the impression that it was the property of *Marie Tempest.*

* * *

If an explorer, recently back from Central China, has presented Lady Dudley with a necklace made out of beautifully carved human teeth, also a purse made from the skin of a dead Chinaman's arm?

* * *

If a number of Parisian painters have decided to found a salon of their own, called "The Salon of Immortals," and if an omission of the "t" mightn't lend accuracy to the title?

* *

Who is paying Tom Mann's expenses?

* *

If the ingenious author who has just published a book entitled "How to Write a Play," will now oblige with a sequel on "How to Sell One"?

* *

The identity of the South London Member who is bragging to all his friends that he has beaten Mr. Bonar Law at draughts?

* *

If the New York immigration officials thought themselves quite "safe" in detaining Miss Flora Annie Steel, the Suffragette, on the ground of senile debility?

FASHION NOTE: March Hair.

* * *

The name of the titled youth who has taken a post as "art furnisher" at Waring and Gillow's?

* * *

If the prospective Unionist Member for Chorley is as Lacking as his name?

* * *

If Lady Essex isn't finding the life of the *grande dame* very irksome?

* * *

Why the elderly beau who always takes his tea at the Tent Tea-Rooms, Piccadilly, made such an exhibition of himself last Saturday afternoon, and if the girl who brought him his coffee is now hoping that he will take his unwelcome attentions elsewhere?

* * *

If the "policewomen" experiment in America hasn't proved a hopeless failure after all?

* * *

If the pretty Gaiety actress invariably wears yellow stockings in order that her admirers may "worship the golden calf"?

* * *

"Patients visited and deceived," announces Nurse Anderson. We can quite believe it.

Why the professor's wife made such a fuss about which she dropped down the drain of the Strand Hotel wash basin? If it took a couple of plumbers an hour to recover it, and if, after all, it turned out merely a thin gold band set with a few garnet chips at most only a few shillings?

* * *

How the Hon. Stella enjoyed her early morning Covent Garden, and what the Countess thought of the adventure of the tulip bulbs and the string bag recounted over lunch?

* * *

If the nephew of a certain Irish Peer is at present a barrel-organ in the streets of New York?

* * *

"Soiled to Clear" announces an Oxford Street sh A curious inducement, surely.

* * *

A suggestion for the editor of a penny daily: to the motto, "Tempus Fugit," that stands upon his another reading "Tempora Mutantur."

* * *

The identity young militar who lost his leg back to Aldershot the Covent G Ball? If he "special" in e be on parade the following m and if he now that it was expensive nigh tertainment he had?

*

If Princess has taken a vio like to a certain panion chosen by the Queen, she has perso "sent her to Cov since a little dis ment which took between them a month ago?

*

If the amateur tive who made startling disc anent the Duche stick of lip-rouge the finger-prints wishes that he ha his nose out of people's business

* * *

If the man who ate 144 plovers' eggs at one sitting be described as a gross feeder?

* * *

If the newly invented "morphine bullet," to be u the capture of wild animals, may not be turned to othe more alarming uses?

* * *

The name of the fashionable "nut" who, at a meeti his creditors the other day, stated that he had m average income of £4,000 a year from "racing, betting other gambling transactions"? And how he did it?

* * *

If the little programme seller at the Coliseum ha much flattered by the attentions of the flashy gentlema represents himself to be a cousin of the Prince of M What she gave him in return for the string of seed which he presented to her at Frascati's the other ev and if it wasn't rather a shock when, on taking them jeweller's to be valued, she learnt that they were about seven and sixpence "including the clasp"?

* * *

If the motorist who has been fined for using a horn emitted a sound like a pig's squeal fancies himself road hog?

e of the European Prince who is gambling very the Stock Exchange, and if the firm of brokers aling with the transactions have any idea of the their client?

* * *

ntity of the famous opera star who has been pre- very rare and beautifully marked Indian e keeps them in a glass case by the side

* * *

appened in the Ladies' Gallery at the House of uring the recent speech of Mr. Lloyd George?

* * *

the London clergyman "change his address" and where is he now?

* * *

the headmaster have all the gorse bushes cut e playing fields of the famous public school?

* *

orities are very chary of commencing the work 's pretty back right, owing to the dismal many recent attempts at restoration in the various al galleries. These had the desired effect for a time, then—well, Chinese white and the white used by the Old ers don't blend well!

* *

When will the additional little batch of summonses re the n case be issued?

* *

e famous art man who has offered to put the s to rights free of all charge?

* * *

ect illicit cigarette smoking greatly on the increase at ger" girls' school—and the punishment therefor erally fixed at instant expulsion?

* *

What is it ame of the country clergyman's son who so sappeared in London; and why is it all being

* * *

look very strange the other evening when a wife of the former to pay? And is it true s takes "hubby" out and pays for him, and ves the price of a penny 'bus fare in his

* * *

at Broadmoor sent away over two thousand year. This accounts for the brainy effusions that the dailies.

* * *

s the p annoyed with the young man who lole from the telephone box on Portslade Did he really intend her to miss her one and only hat night? And would not the passers-by have been riced at the contents of the parcel he was carrying?

* * *

lly became of the elderly lady who insisted hands with all the porters she could find at London termini? And is she any connection of ntleman who stopped everyone he could in Princes Edinburgh, the other morning to ask if they could in which way the Prince of Wales had gone?

* *

any truth in the statement that many managers ical comedies would are putting clauses in their effect that their leading actresses are not to go on's Mess have it very long lose if they really

* * *

ingstone, one of the nine exiles from S. Africa, to appear at the Clerkenwell Court on a charge of He is believed to be somewhere in Scotland. to emulate the feats of his great namesake, a who got lost in Africa?

* * *

test handbook on boxing advertises amongst its "Bomb. Wells explains the secrets of his successes. Special Souvenir Edition with full-plate photograph Bomb. Wells wearing his belt." Perhaps the secret would be more interesting. But that photo- g him wearing his body-belt should reassure ear that he has not been taking care of his ion.

* * *

that the Irish were up to their Pat-tricks in on Shamrock Day?

A *Daily Chronicle* headline announces "Extremes of Fashion—New Movement Towards Simplicity." We really must protest. This has gone too far already. The previous fashions are quite simple enough. If this simplicity is extended any further we may expect to see women's modes that would rival those of the Neolithic age for negligé attire.

* * *

Why have two plain clothes men been posted for the past three days in Sloane Square? Will their investigations lead to a scandal and the closing down of a certain house, or will the matter be hushed up as was that of three months ago?

* * *

Isn't it sad that the young widow residing in Piccadilly came across the old love letters addressed to her late husband? Will she throw down his image from the pedestal upon which her imagination has placed him, or will she lay all the blame upon the famous actress who penned the letters?

* * *

How much did the Colonel of the well-known military club pay to buy off the harpy who has been sucking his son dry for the past twelve months, and who finally lured him into a proposal of marriage? Wasn't the youngster right in making a clean breast of the matter to his father, but isn't it unfortunate that the gentleman didn't know when bargaining with and dictating terms to the woman that she was already married?

* *

Won't the American author have a good "boom" on the opening day at the Royal Academy? And won't Mr. Sargent astonish the critics again by his wonderful art and his versatility?

* * *

Why is the daughter of a much-discussed family residing in Park Lane in such hot water at the present time? Has the fact of her clandestine appearance at the masked ball leaked out, and wasn't it due to a policeman's calling the attention of the house's inmates to the unlatched door?

OCCUPATIONS FOR THE FAIR SEX.
(As suggested by modern feminine encroachments.)
No. 6.—THE PORTERESS.

TABLOID TOPICS.

We read that there are only two lawyers in Iceland. Niceland!

* * *

"Rokeby Venus in Ribbons" (*Globe* headline). The result of these new fashions.

* * *

Beneath a ground flat in Glasgow coiner excavated their den. Coins made in a basemint.

* * *

A bishop tells us that a man is made better by a sister's love. He doesn't say if it need be his own sister, though!

* * *

"The Leafy Girl comes with the Spring," the *Daily Sketch* warns us. To catch verdant youth on the hop!

* * *

We read that the bride and bridegroom at a wedding in County Westmeath were each eighty-five. Old enough to know better!

* * *

"An Electric Lawyer" was put as a heading to a hearing of the Canteen case. A lawyer's bill generally comes with shocking force.

* * *

The *Star*: "All competitors must make their wordlets *withcdseeuol* Velcre." We refuse to make ours like that; it is not a compliment.

* * *

A chain of sea-planes is being formed round the coast, fashioned of lynx-eyed fliers for coastguard duty. Watch and chain combined.

* * *

Theatrical managers own up to the fact that dress and not the drama is the thing. The work of the critic is to be more than ever attiring job.

* * *

A golden snuff-box, once the property of the Spanish Armada's commander, has been washed ashore at Vigo. A relic not to be sneezed at.

* * *

Rev. E. J. Hardy: "Before marriage men are worth little; after marriage they are worth much." Not after the wife has been through their pockets on pay-day.

* * *

The census proves that the number of persons per family in England is a small fraction over five. Needless to say, it is the husband who is the small fraction.

* * *

We are told that someone is trying to invent a pleasant form of address for tea-shop waitresses. What they would most welcome is the tippical form of farewell.

* * *

A patent medicine advertisement in the *News of the World* is prefaced in bold type by the phrase "Baby Never Cries Now." One of those kill or cure methods, we presume. Poor baby!

* * *

The following advertisement caught our eye last week: "'Work.' Price One Penny Weekly." But we thought that the privilege cost fourpence per week since the passing of the Insurance Act.

* * *

"The English forwards now began to settle down, but the Welsh *deference* held out" (*Evening News*). Welsh captain, after the game had been lost: "Perhaps you fellows won't be so beastly polite next time!"

* * *

The Rev. Billy Sunday, of the U.S.A., says that "the average churchgoers are a wine-sizzlin', gin-fizzin', rangoin', tangoin', bunch." The Rev. Billy Sunday (of U.S.A.) in his language, is, however, a perfect gentleman.

* * *

A new device has just been invented whereby musicians can turn the leaves of their music by means of their breath. Well, we have known some musicians whose breath would float a hat, so this doesn't appear very wonderful.

* * *

The *Queen* states that a futurist dinner is to be given in which the menu runs as follows:—*Hors d'œuvres*: Tomatoes with Brandy. *Soup*: Cod Liver Oil. *Fish*: Herrings mashed in Raspberry Jam with Whipped Cream Sauce. *Joint*: Beef cooked in Kummel, served with bananas stuffed with Gruyère Cheese. Vegetables cooked without scraping, served in petroleum jelly. We should dearly love to see a futurist painting depicting the emotions of the diners after their first (and last?) futurist meal.

OUR LANDSCAPE GARDEN

Just as I had applied the lather there was a s[uc]tion in the hall, a thump as of many parcels, suc[h] the postman's knock.

"Presents!" prophesied Vera, although we had[n't] day between us for six weeks. "Oh, do hurry [up] get them before Odol eats them."

I obeyed, while the lather dried rapidly.

Odol is our terrier. He was sitting on the [mat] removing the string from one of the parcels, [and] me to the actressy smile which had earned him his deftly avoided my boot.

The presents proved to be seed and bulb catalogues instantly developed a violent interest in horticulture.

'Nothing can be more charming,' she said, [with] mouthful of hairpins, "than a bed of the old-[fash]Celosia Cristata surrounded by a well-kept border [of] Odorata."

'What should you imagine Reseda Odorata might she enquired tentatively.

I cut myself and offered with amazing facility suggestions as to the origin of the plant. Vera [look]"You are rather low," she said. "And I shall garden myself, with Anstruther's help."

So it was arranged, and four days later I discov[ered] wife and Anstruther at work upon the rubbish-[heap] runs from the villas in the next road. [They] over a little raised mound, a simple and imp[ressive] At her direction, Anstruther crawled obediently [to] ing holes in the mound.

From the wall Nulli Secundus watched their [efforts] feline contempt. Nulli Secundus is the remains [of a] cat the hero, Vera declares, of a hundred fights; lost an ear and an eye, and his left arm is more [than] than useful, but I have a sneaking regard for the warrior.

"Don't say that Odol is dead and buried," I [said] piteously, my eyes on the pathetic mound at Vera's

She laughed. "This is the hyacinth patch," [she] plained, "That most charming bed in all this [land]scape—at least, that's what the book says."

After this there were the seeds to be sown and [the] mowed. Nulli Secundus watched with ever-increas[ing] terest and I waited patiently for my dinner until [the] sprinkled the fair landscape with a little rain. Vera hurriedly gave all her orders to Anstruther and for cover.

Next morning I met Nulli dubiously surveying the mound. He had turned up all the hyacinths, [and] with a view to lawn-tennis; anyway they had vani[shed] looked injured at my admonitory remarks and retired wards into a cucumber frame. I repaired the damage some bulbs which I was lucky enough to find in the [soil]

The Spring sales over, Vera remembered the [seeds] thither we repaired one vernal evening. The [seeds] through, in somewhat ragged patches, and we [dis]cussed with great interest that Reseda Odorata was, after all, mignonette.

But when we came to the mound in which Anstruther burrowed so cleverly, our surprise was quite beyond expression. For there flourished beneath our wondering eyes a truly delightful bed of spring onions—perfuming the [air] yards and drooping long, odorous tails in every direction.

Vera was righteously ferocious. She has never quite given the catalogue people, and I am far too cowardly accept my share of her righteous wrath.

But the onion bed fascinates Nulli.

M. ELLIS WIL[LIAMS]

The latest parliamentary news shows that sweeping always raise the dust.

* * *

Before a marriage registrar a man answered the "Wilt thou," etc., with a flat refusal to wilt. The a widow, had led him to believe that she was well it turned out that two children were her treasures. of kidding could not go a second or a step father.

* * *

The Austrian Minister of National Defence, in speech said that "The Kaiser's 'mailed fist' has become 'padded fist' in the eyes of those it was forged to But it might be pointed out to him that the "padded in the eyes can also do a little bit of damage at [close] him refer to Bombardier Wells.

CUPID CALLS THE TUNE.

WIT AND WISDOM.

It is never too late to mend, but sometimes the amount of ...rk that has to be put into the repairs makes it hardly ...th doing.

* * *

It is on... ...hen complications arise that we think with ... the simple life.

* * *

When a woman says that life is nothing but a farce you can be pretty certain she has been through a real tragedy.

* * *

The evil that men do lives after them. Even a cornet player leaves his instrument behind him.

* * *

Someone asks: "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer"? Not wrong, sir, impossible!

* * *

...y the young die good

If a man cannot be driven there are two ways a woman can lead him—by heart-strings and purse-strings.

* * *

It is possible to make a lot of noise with a theory that is anything but sound.

* * *

A scratch of the pen is the only cure for the writer's itch.

* * *

It is never too late to mend a broken heart.

* * *

One touch of nature makes the whole world blusn.

* * *

A little widow is a dangerous thing.

* * *

God gives us our relatives; thank God we can choose our friends.

IN STAGELAND.

Mr. Gulliver tells me that the suffragette disturbance at his Royal performance at the Palladium last Tuesday was dealt with in a manner which affords him the highest possible degree of satisfaction. Nobody, except the unfortunate women themselves, and (in a less aggressive, but more effective way) the police, turned a hair. Sir George Alexander, whose poor sketch, "A Social Success," was an item of the programme, simply stopped speaking on the outbreak of the main disturbance, and, with a *sangfroid* as admirable as that displayed by the Royal party itself, appeared sublimely unaware of the shrieking viragoes and their showers of literature. He continued without an appreciable break when the disconcerted and ineffective female was expeditiously removed. A neat, quiet little job performed with commendable consideration and dispatch by a workmanlike combination of police and attendants.

* *

Barclay Gammon, who is still in the general bill, but did not on this occasion join the command programme, is a regular Royal favourite, being perhaps the best known and most appreciated entertainer recognised by the Royal Family. He is, however, a newcomer to the Palladium, and when he made his bow at the conclusion of his first performance there a few days ago he was recalled half a dozen times or so, and, to use an expression common to variety business circles, completely stopped the programme. After a short speech the next artiste continued, and a crusted old reputation had received a splendid confirmation of its solid worth from an entirely new quarter. This is as it should be, as he is worth much more to an average audience (and consequently to the average management) than most revues, no matter if they run twenty or sixty minutes.

* *

I think it is very important that the name of the gentleman mainly responsible for the banning of the "Joy Ride Lady" posters from the walls of the Underground, should be given to the public in order that (in spite of the *Daily Mirror chacun à son go-t*, you know!) his action may be gratefully acknowledged. He is Mr. Ivor Fraser, advertising manager of the Underground system. Mr. Fraser may rest assured that in very many circles his strength of action comes as a refreshing surprise to those vast middle-class multitudes of us who have become so very sickened of the degrading and decadent in Art, which is so unduly forced upon us from so many questionable sources nowadays.

Sir George Alexander has greatly shocked the fashionable young ladies who worship at his shrine by appearing in baggy trousers. We hear that in a future play Sir George will break still further away from the St. James's tradition. We present the above to the Editor of the "Tailor and Cutter."

* * *

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton's "Magic" at the Little Theatre, which reached its 150th performance last week, is one of those rare instances of a really excellent play being saved from an early failure by the timely initiative of an influential critic with brains and discernment. "Magic" was on the eve of its withdrawal after a short run, when Mr. S. R. Littlewood and the *Daily Chronicle* taught a public so overwhelmed with good theatrical material that no exercise of common sense in the matter of selection appeared to be necessary how to discriminate to its own advantage. The public would appear to be grateful for these good offices, as Mr. Chesterton's play shows signs of achieving its 250th performance quite safely.

Miss Rosina Filippi will open at Sadler's Wells [illegible] tion to the magnificent "People's Theatre" already partly, and shortly to be fully, advertised Press, and on the hoardings. I believe that the ment of the two shows will be kept entirely distinct other as regards finance and business directorate.

* * *

On Wednesday night I [illegible] atmosphere of enthusiasm. It was that [illegible] Egyptian music, who gave Princess Mary [illegible] on Tuesday; who started it all. We [illegible] Palladium Palm Court—a gorgeous, new, palm court—when he informed me that he was [illegible] the reason for his being accorded a clear ticket [illegible] continuance of his show [illegible] interruption was the [illegible] could really give [illegible] foretaste of a furia [illegible] advance of any post [illegible] arrangements that [illegible] already been made. The [illegible] made me shiver!

* *

Then I went out [illegible] and ran against one of [illegible] principal lieutenants; [illegible] horribly pessimistic about [illegible] Nijinski's recent [illegible] collapse. Then I thought [illegible] get into the Empire and [illegible] Phyllis Bedells to [illegible] back into some sort [illegible] ence; but, going in [illegible] wretchedly wet, [illegible] Leicester Square, a [illegible] me a paper which [illegible] Pavlova's broken [illegible] I got inside Phy[illegible] finished, but I was [illegible] time to find out what [illegible] to share the same [illegible] as a gentleman [illegible] was less theatrical [illegible] A man had shot [illegible] circle, midway through [illegible] "Nuts and Wine."

* *

Have you [illegible] respecting film [illegible] in print that any part [illegible] duction costs less than [illegible] Not in many, but in [illegible] I am advised by a [illegible] director in the trade [illegible] borrow a brilliant pa[illegible] columns, this foolish [illegible] tion is merely [illegible] little fourth-ough[illegible]

The Little Theatre [illegible] shortly stage [illegible] presentation at [illegible] entitled "Brer Rabbit" [illegible] Percy Dearmer, the organiser of the Children's movement. Miss Certrude Kingston, who is in the production, and Mr. Hayden Coffin, who were struck with the originality of the play, shortly materialize. Musical numbers have been Martin Shaw, and strikingly novel costumes designed by Misses Colman-Smith and [illegible] Further, there is a strong juvenile rôle, and the sentation will certainly be of a respectable standard if there is considerably more money scenery and effects than was the case at Mrs. Court Theatre season recently.

* *

With regard to Sir George Alexander's effort to sartorial individuality behind the awful wear of the in "The Two Virtues," at St. James's [illegible] opinion that he deliberately chose the [illegible] "Social Success" for the Palladium Bova because he very badly needed a breather.

THE MAN WHO WENT HOME.

and a long white road pale in the light of the moon. rkness, like two friendly arms, lay on either side. crept suddenly a stooping man, with the mark on his moon-lit face.

Somewhere about here." He stared across w full of sleeping sheep and meadow-sweet. it, where a hollow dipped, a light hung amongst ness as an orange clings to a southern tree. it!" A smile for an instant cut across the set of his face.

Stiffly, he sought again the safety of the hedge, g with the shelter of its darkness till one end of ...ed on into a lane.

been raining, and his boots quelched in the soft d as he turned into this. But the scent of damp kle stroked his face like a woman's hand, and the he sky, until then merely inquisitive stranger eyes, suddenly friends.

se of fear dropped from him, and a great content ace. He was nearly home.

and nearer the light for which he made bobbed ...s the trees, until suddenly it was there ...a tiny lamp set in a hall.

ssly he opened the garden gate and seemed to tread ent of nasturtiums and mignonette as he walked up w path to the cottage door.

knock the door opened so swiftly that he fell back se. He had thought to have to wait, to find her o alarm her, perhaps.

there she was, dressed in white like a girl, a ribbon brown hair, a rose upon her bosom, just as if she him.

. . ."

her clutch at the wood of the door.

e!" He wanted her there upon his heart, but she seemed to drift from him like mist.

't stand there. Come in," she said, breathlessly. arfully, "Has anyone seen you?"

ughed, pleased, but was surprised at her anxiety.

...one of us," he answered. "I'm not ... tell you, to go back—there. Prison"—all ... wiped from his face—"is Hell."

Finger on lip, she peered behind him into the ...ut no sound reached her save the sighing of the

...ock to let him enter, then suddenly clutched

..." she said, quickly. "This way." She the kitchen door. "There's a fire in here. It's she said, in explanation of her haste.

it's good to be here." His glance wandered appre- found the cosy room. The shining saucepan-lids on lit walls winked kindly at him.

d in the paper of your escape." She faced him he wooden table. "But I didn't think you would re—so frightfully near. . . ." A little shiver shook Are you sure you met nobody?" she asked again.

ought it the safest thing to do." Ignoring her he stretched his tired limbs luxuriously in front re. "Just because it is so near. No one would am of looking for me here. I've had a job to get like Lloyd George, I've been robbing hen-roosts; suit as well." He stared down ruefully at the scanty

Two days on the way, little woman, two days to hour's walk in!" He turned hungrily to her. mad for a sight of you, Grace. The times I've of you in prison, girl; the times I've held you in s!"

yes, I know." She was staring fascinated at his lt hands. "It's lovely to see you." She gave a little g laugh. "But you musn't stay. Any moment they me, and oh!"—one hand went to her throat—"it e dreadful, dreadful if they found you here."

not going." He stared at her obstinately. "I'm stay here with you. Let them come!" He laughed y. "Now that I've seen you again I don't seem to They won't come to-night, anyhow."

t you *can't* stay here." He saw her eyes stray fear- the clock upon the mantelpiece. He saw her breast tumultuously beneath the rose. In his turn he looked clock. Ten o'clock! And she was here dressed in like a bride. Why? She hadn't been expecting him hy was she up waiting, tricked out in ribbon and

Suspicion grew suddenly from a dwarf into a giant.

"Why mustn't I stay?" His hands were on her shoulders, fierce hands striving to force the truth. "Why mustn't I stay here with my own wife? Tell me that." His hands tightened. "Because you are afraid I'll spoil sport? Because another man—your lover—is in there?"

He threw her from him brutally and pushed past her into the little sitting room. It was empty, but the lamp-light fell softly on a table laid for two, on flowers and fruit, and all the little prettinesses of a home to which his prison-dulled eyes had long since become unaccustomed.

As he swung upon his heel she was standing before him in the doorway, white as her frock, wide-eyed.

He drew a deep breath. "Now I understand," he said slowly, "the meaning of the quickly opened door and all the rest"—he touched her gown contemptuously. "You thought you were opening to your lover instead of to your convict husband." He laughed savagely. "That touches you, my lady, does it? Your convict husband." He beat the words with his fist upon the table so that the glasses upon it leapt with a jingle of protest. "Does he know about me?"

"No." Her lips framed rather than spoke the word.

"I thought not!" He strode to the window.

"What are you going to do?"

She stared bewildered as he pulled the red blind from the window, so that the night fell stark and naked into the room.

"Do?" Mockingly he came across the room and offered her his arm. "Have some supper with my wife, of course. You're not worth killing."

Pale as a ghost she sat at the head of the table, watching him devour chicken and salad, and drink great draughts of beer. Not once did he look towards her, and the silence between them grew weighty as the clods of earth upon a coffin.

Suddenly there came the sound of footsteps upon the path outside, and then a soft rap-rapping upon the front door. She started up in terror, all the life washed from her face

"Sit still," said he.

The knocking came again louder and more insistent.

"*Sit still*," he said again.

Once again the knocker dropped with its gilt hand an unanswered call upon the door. Then the footsteps retreated from the front door, and, crunching the gravel as they came, went round to the back of the house, where all who chose could stare boldly into an uncurtained lighted room.

It was then that the woman found herself suddenly swung out of her chair. Strong arms held her ruthlessly to a tweed breast. She was upon her husband's knee, clasped so close that she could feel the savage beating of his heart. Fierce kisses, hot as tropical rain, fell upon her mouth. She was engulfed, drowning in a sea of passion.

Seen from outside they presented quite a pretty picture—the white robed woman drifting across the man's dark coat, the blue ribbon in her hair resting upon his breast like an order.

* * *

The warders in a certain prison have never ceased to wonder why Convict B4,701, having successfully evaded capture, should return of his own accord; also why, having returned, he should smile so happily at times over his uncongenial task of breaking stones. They do not know that, at those moments, he is taking again, in fancy, what was never his to take—two people's happiness—and at the same time what, of right, belonged to him—revenge.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

A constable giving evidence against the Suffragettes charged with ill-treating Mr. McKenna's windows, said that he saw the five women creeping up along the wall in Indian file. Tomahawk in hand, we presume.

* * *

The condemned man sat in his cell grumbling at what was to be his last meal. Nothing seemed to satisfy him. He growled at being awakened so early, the meal was not to his taste, and he seemed annoyed to excess that the ceremony was not postponed so that he could read the morning paper in comfort with his breakfast. At last he was led outside, still snappy, and querulously complaining of the muddiness of the prison yard and the chances one ran of catching cold there. Arrived at the scaffold, he cast a quizzical eye up at the structure, and with an exasperated expression he said in disgust, "and this don't look bloomin' safe, either."

SITTING IT OUT.

"If you don't mind I would prefer sitting it out," said Miss Cora Delaine to Charles Augustus Allardyce, Lord Templemarch, when he claimed his dance.

"By Jove!" responded his lordship, as he took the beauty's hand and with the disengaged digits of the other paw caressed a moustache that was in the making. "Do you know, Miss Delaine, a little tête-à-tête talk with you is the very thing I have been wanting. How singular that you should have given me the chance! It must be what is called—what is called—"—he paused and pressed a finger to his mental storehouse—"what is called allopathy."

They passed through the palmed corridor to the verandah, leaving behind them a suggestion of delicate perfume and the full force of Revue Tango music.

Lord Templemarch would have been placed in the "knut" class had it not been for the fact that he had earned distinction for cricket and sculling and football at Oxford, which he had recently left, in order that he might be at Allardyce Castle when he attained his majority in three months' time. He endeavoured to look and speak like a first-class idiot because he was just ass enough to fancy that fatuousness was the flavour in fashion. The "nut" habit hung loosely upon him, and about it was the cut of the "young blood." His vocabulary hinted that he was a bit of a bounder. Really he was as sensible as you could expect a sprig of the nobility to be, and when his father, the Earl of Covertdale, was gathered to his ancestors he would no doubt fill his high estate becomingly, and avoid being co-respondent in more than three cases.

But the Earl was a deucedly handsome man of forty-two, and seemingly he would live until he was a hundred and forty-two. Evidently Lord Templemarch had reason to adopt a "wait and see" policy.

He had accepted an invitation to the Torrington House ball in the belief that Cora Delaine would be of it. He knew that she had refused one Marquis, a couple of Crœsuses, and three baronets. But consciousness of his physical attractions, and the prospect of his being an Earl, belted and perhaps gartered, braced him up.

"Our dance was a Tango number, then, Miss Delaine. Do you hold with the rotten opposition to it? I think it is scrumptious—awfully jolly."

It was with these inane remarks that Lord Templemarch laid his train.

Cora looked at him with a curious glint in her eyes.

"I do think that only those who are related should be in such close proximity to each other."

The sigholet that came from her, accompanied as it was by the slight heaving of her breast, had its effect. Lord Templemarch hitched up his breeks in the manner of a man who is determined to do something.

"That's it. When we—I mean if we were related so closely — Oh, you know what I would say. I never was good at expressing myself clearly."

"Forgive my candour. I do know what you mean."

And she shot at him the gladdest eye that ever sent a male worm into ecstasies.

"I'm so delighted that you like a fellow. I'm not too young, I hope, to run in double harness. At all events, Dad doesn't think so. He was a Benedict—queer word that—when he was twenty-one, and he says he would be glad if my marriage and my majority came off together."

"The Earl is an indulgent father, Charles; and you must be proud of him. In spite of his owning such a big boy as his heir," she went on, half musingly, "he is very young-looking. He was here, but went away joyously before you arrived."

Miss Delaine suddenly sank into a far away, thoughtful mood which, if the smile that curved her rosebud mouth could be taken as indication, was filled with pleasant memories.

"He's the best dad in the world—every time." Templemarch almost shouted his assent. "Just fancy, Cora, you will become a Countess. But there, you are ripping enough to be a queen."

He seized a little gloved hand and kissed it with exceeding *empressement*. He was hardly prepared for the softly-spoken admonition that followed this action.

"Yes, a Countess, and I am but an actress after all. There are precedents, yet it is such happiness to find that I am sought by the man who has all my heart. But you must not call me 'Cora' when I am married."

"Not call you 'Cora'? Oh, I see. You want a pet name. Well, let us think of one."

"No pet name either, Charles. I'm afraid you will have to call me 'your ladyship.' It is the only way."

"The only way?" he echoed. "Dash it all. A man can call his wife anything he likes, at all events before servants' hearing. Don't be so silly, Cora. What do you mean? I'm not good at puzzles!"

"Neither am I," said Miss Delaine, compressing her lips. "'Ah! a light breaks in upon me,' as they say in drama. Is it that you wish me to become your wife?"

"That is the idea."

"Then it is impossible of fulfilment. However—"

"Stop!" Lord Templemarch held up a deprecating hand. "For Heaven's sake don't let me hear any more of that bally being a sister to me."

"That also is impossible. But I will give you the attention and affection of a mother. Your comfort shall be studied, and I will even see that your stock exchange is not permitted to dwindle."

Her rippling laughter made music in the air. "No! No! You see after my ties? Great George, no! No! I shall make a bally guy of me. But what's all this about mothers and comforts?"

"This," she answered rising. She took his head between her hands, pressed it gently, and looked into his eyes. "Your father proposed to me two hours ago. I love him. I thought you knew. Now, Charles, be kind to your future stepmother, and run back to the ballroom like a good boy. Lady Alicia Dashleigh is dying to dance with you."

A man complained recently in the courts that he had paid three pounds ten shillings to a dentist who had "dozed" two of his teeth out in return. Apparently the dentist is a gold-extractor as well as a gold-filler.

* * *

"Health and holiness are one," says Miss Lind-af-Hageby. That's just what Weary Willie says.

ROYAL VICTORIA HALL
Waterloo Road, S.E.

THE
People's Theatre
(Under the direction of Miss Rosina Filippi)
COMMENCING
EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 13th
On Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays
FOR FOUR WEEKS.

PROGRAMME FOR FIRST WEEK:

Easter Monday, April 13th,
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

Friday, April 17th,
"ROMEO & JULIET",

Saturday, April 18th,
"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

General Manager . . Gilbert Colson

MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Never a spurt but has its thrilling moments, and last Saturday night those who were present at what should have been the last session of the semi-final of the English billiards championship were privileged to witness a thrilling time in that fascinating pastime. It was not expected to be a close game, but Reece surprised himself and the crowd by literally worrying Stevenson off his game, and in the end, at midnight, when the referee sounded the cease-firing, the scores had passed and repassed one another a time or two. Then Reece who was in play wanted 239 for game and Stevenson 149.

With the final match with Inman fixed to start on Monday afternoon, here was a pretty kettle of fish. It couldn't be a draw, which would have been a real good finish to a grand [illegible] for when the last day started Reece was [illegible] he gradually crept up the excitement became intense. To the two men the nerve strain must have been a man's life which might make or mar his future. And when the last click of the ivories had been heard, two tensely excited men went away to sleep over it, and think of what it meant at ten o'clock on Monday, when Reece had to give a great player like Stevenson or Inman, the Champion, [illegible] before now found a big nervous strain too much for [illegible] as play, and Stevenson, too, is not one can remain unmoved in a trying situation. And on Monday both men were really nervous and worried, so that the play was not at one would expect from such masters of the cue. But Reece recovered himself, caught his man, and helped by a glorious fluke at 91 beat out with a break of 149 unfinished, to win by 15 points. Every shot had to be considered carefully, every turn of the balls calculated upon, and that Reece got that bit of luck in the last break does not detract one iota from the merit of his performance. His pluck in picking up that 490 points on the last day entitled him to a victory which must have seemed beyond his grasp almost throughout the week. What it had done him good was manifest in the manner in which he set about his keenest opponent, Inman. He at once took the lead, and I expect to see Inman in front when the [illegible] fought ends, for Reece will have to be on [illegible] of championship billiards by that time. There should be another [illegible] between the two men, who have [illegible] the best [illegible] same.

IRELAND'S TRIUMPH AT SOCCER.

[illegible] Ireland has won the "soccer" championship. It is true the "distressful countrie" did not [illegible] the crown, for she did not beat Scotland in the last match, but in that she was [illegible] unlucky. For years past Ireland has been trying to get one red-letter season to which she could point out her pre-eminence, and 1913-1914 is the first. In thirty-three seasons in which Ireland has taken part in international soccer football, she has played 97 matches, and of these only sixteen have been won, while of the sixteen victories were scored against Wales, and in all seventy of the ninety-seven matches have ended in defeat. So we all enthuse with Ireland.

Really, a country with only ten senior clubs to [illegible] many of her best professional players to England and Scotland, and thus the [illegible] last Saturday against Scotland was [illegible] doing duty with Oldham [illegible] still [illegible] from the merit of the performance, [illegible] throughout the second half, their brilliant goal-keeper, was [illegible] and McConnell who went in goal [illegible] place at back filled by Lacey, about the best forward in the field. Yet with but ten men Ireland, in the concluding stages, nearly ran the Scots defenders off their legs.

ENGLAND'S SECOND VICTORY.

England won her second soccer international last Monday, at Cardiff, defeating Wales by two goals to nil. It was not a great game, but it made it possible for Bob Crompton to establish a record, for he is sure to be chosen against Scotland. It will be the Blackburn man's twelfth match against the land of cakes, and he and Robbie Burns of the "Hairts" hold the record jointly with eleven appearances each.

The match also demonstrated the fact the Colclough, of the Crystal Palace, is a great player. We saw that at New Cross when he was the best back on the field in the League and Southern League game, and I do not fancy that they will leave him out of the Scottish game.

Other players who did well in Monday's match were Molyneux and Smith, on the right wing; little Wedlock, who returned to international fray after [illegible] on the shelf for a time; and McNeal, the left half. Simpson and Shaw were not good, and should be replaced by Walden and Fleming for the Scottish match, and I should like to see V. J. Woodward in the centre instead of Hampton, and Cuggy, of Sunderland, at right half instead of Brittleton.

THE ENGLISH CUP.

We shall see Aston Villa in the final tie of the English Cup at the Palace for the second year in succession, for they are sure to oust Liverpool from the competition at Tottenham, on March 28. Burnley and Sheffield United is another matter. It will be played at the United's ground at

Golfer: "Two up, Taxi?"
Taxi-driver: "Yes, and three to play."

Manchester, and although on League form Burnley should win, the United are a dour side in defence, and it is quite an open game. Villa v. Sheffield would be a great game for London.

THE RUGBY INTERNATIONALS.

Ireland were beaten in their Rugger international at Belfast by the strength of the Welsh forwards, who again played brilliantly, and showed us how lucky we were to snatch that narrow victory at Twickenham. Having beaten both Wales and Ireland, England visits Inverleith to-day (Saturday) to try and annex the Calcutta Cup, a trophy annually played for by the two counties, the triple crown and championship. It should be our match on all the season's form, but a lot of us will wait with interest to see how Dingle fares on the left wing (he has been a centre-three-quarter since his school days) and whether Lowe improves on his display against Ireland.

BOAT RACE PROSPECTS.

I shall have another chance of dealing fully with the boat race next week. Oxford have not yet settled down, but have done some fast work over short distances on the tideway at Putney. Cambridge are a good crew, and are sure to start favourites, but a little bird who generally knows what he is talking about tells me it is no 5 to 2 on chance. Oxford have faults, but they make their boat move some, as a Yankee expert said the other day when watching them at Putney.

THE CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Never in the history of the race has the National Cross Country championship provided such a real test of endurance and grit as that decided last week at Chesham. In any case it was a trying course, but on Saturday the Heavens opened just before the start, and the conditions became deplorable.

Still, it was perhaps the finest test we have had for years of a runner's capabilities, and C. H. Ruffell, of the Highgate Harriers, the winner, in beating his field, put up a performance that will long be remembered. He was certainly on the day the best runner at Chesham, and certainly the best trained man, barring possibly Sergeant O'Neil, of the Connaught Rangers, whose pluck in a stern chase after Ruffell was one of the things to remember. We have too many of these races on lawn-like courses, with a lot of roadwork thrown in, and I am one that likes to compliment a man on doing something out of the ordinary, and Ruffell and the other 119 runners, who finished the stiff ten miles of pluck-testing drudgery, are men of the type we want in this country. That Surrey beat the fancied Northern sides, such as Hallamshire Harriers, the favourites, who did not finish a team, and Birchfield Harriers, the ex-champions who finished second, was a great surprise on the other side of the Trent. The Connaught Rangers ran a dozen men and finished the lot, but after their third man to count, Pte. Duffy, who finished 19th, there was a gap, and their last three places were 44, 48, and 59, costing them the championship.

I was sorry to hear of Ernest Glover's mishap. The Hallamshire champion had unsighted a fence and hit it badly, and damaged his ribs so seriously that he had to retire. From what I know of Glover, I fancy there would have been a terrific struggle for first place, but for this accident.

THE INTERNATIONAL TEAM.

The international championship is due in a week's time, also at Chesham, but over a different course, and the English team chosen after the tester, is as follows: E. Glover (Hallamshire H.), A. H. Nicholls (Surrey A.C.), A. F. Sanderson (Sparkhill H.), C. H. Ruffell (Highgate H.), J. Wilson (Slough H.), J. Wooton (N. Staffs H.), L. Antrobus, and W. Bolton (Warrington H.). It seems passing strange that Birchfield Harriers, the second club, haven't a man in the team, and Surrey, the winners, have only one, A. H. Nicholls, who finished 21st behind his club mates, J. Hughes, who is an Irishman, and who filled sixth place, and the A.A.A. Champion, C. W. Hutson, who was ninth. Hutson is, however, first reserve, with E. C. Long, of the Polytechnic, holding second claim to a vacancy. It is, of course, possible that Glover will not have sufficiently recovered to turn out.

Sergeant O'Neil is, of course, included in the Irish team, and so is J. Hughes, whose Irish qualification is his membership of the City and Suburban Harriers. A nineteen-year-old boy, H. C. Irwin, of Cloncliffe H., won the Irish event [illegible], which finished three men in the first half-dozen, easily won the team-ship.

'VARSITY ATHLETICS.

While on the subject of athletics it is interesting that both Oxford and Cambridge have chosen their the Inter-'Varsity sports, at Queen's Club, on Queen's is a very fine ground for la[illegible] croquet perhaps, but nowadays it is absolu[illegible] as a venue for a sports meeting so interesting games. Unless one is a highly favoured indiv[illegible] grand stand seat, it is impossible almost to see going on. Stamford Bridge, the home of the L.A.C. ideal place for the 'Varsity sports.

Cambridge put up a good performance in beating Baker's A.A.A. team at Cambridge a week ago, astounding event being the defeat of W. R. Applegarth was not quite at his best, and that quite right he manifested in the 200 yards, in which turned the tables on Perrot, and did 20[illegible] the London side was not in full fighting trim so season, or rather so long before the season began June I don't think that they would beat the team got by Baker by six events to five as they did.

A real great contest was the hurdles, in which Powell, one of the best all-round athletes ever by the 'Varsity, beat the phenomenal all-rounder sent time, H. S. O. Ashington, in the hurdles, in by half a yard. This is a fifth faster than Pe[illegible] record for the Fenners ground. Ashington tops jump with 22ft. 2½in. It will be remembered that ton won three events against Oxford last year.

Both the sports and the boatrace are voted good Cambridge this year, but there is an old idea that wins the sports will lose the boatrace frequently in the past. Will history be re[illegible] the Oxford team there are no fewer than scholars, all men who have earned renown at other lands, and if Cambridge, with only one win it will be a mighty feather in the cap of the athlete.

INVASION OF AMERICAN GOLFERS.

We are going to have a big American golf year. Jerome D. Travers, who won the American championship for the fourth time last season, [illegible] in print). Ouimet leaves in a day or so, so of Vardon, Ray, and Reid in the American open have plenty of time for practice between now matches and championships. "Chick" Evans is hear, and Heinrich Schmidt, he of the deliberate who swipes the heads off two or three daisies shot, is stated to be one of the invaders from ranks. Well, the more the merrier! We have scores to wipe off with the Yankees.

TESTING THE GUTTA BALL.

Vardon, Braid, Taylor, and Duncan have in as much practice as possible lately for the match at Sandy Lodge on April 2. In that and Taylor will oppose Duncan and Braid in a four-ball match. Each side will play with the old-fashioned gutta ball, and one round with score. From what I can hear Braid has trouble in finding his game. Duncan and Vardon the gutta has about ten yards less carry down about 30 yards less against the wind. Most golfers fancy the chances of Vardon and match has been fixed up by the *Daily Mail*, of interest to golfers, but what actual good it the game is another matter. Duncan, by the the challenge of Charlie Mayo to give any he would play with gutties, Mayo using the The match was played at Burhill, and Duncan [illegible] gutties found in Mayo's shop, and practically to pieces in the round. They course, and with some new balls of that recently been playing well at Hanger Hill do not think the side playing with the gutta a great disadvantage as some people imagine.

The latest patent in golf is one from Bir[illegible] is to give us tubular tempered steel shafts

THE CHIEF

THE PUNISHMENT.

was a gloomy man, full of morbid speculations on the hereafter. Although his years did not [illegible] his hair had grey through the [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] live at all?" was his eternal cry; his answer, knows," a hopeless shrug of the shoulders, "God knows, And the last phrase was the repetition of a

ars [illegible] e had married—he hardly knew why—a ears was his junior. Circumstances and a the man was well endowed with worldly the girl's reason for marrying him apparent. renunciation of bachelorhood had altered his life in and soon again he retired to his shell of

a perfunctory kiss prefaced a day of his wife knew too well how hopeless it was to ak it. She realised by now that she was wedded went her own gait. She sometimes own heart as well as his had dried and

spent his days and nights in his laboratory, from he seldom ventured abroad. When he did, it was re on the results of his experiments before a crowd admiring fellows. Their plaudits drove him back to qualify for more. so life passed.

by a test tube that he was heating over a Bunsen broke under the pressure of his fingers, a piece of cutting his thumb. " he said; and instantly it struck him as being that he should use that word. He did not recollect ing it before; there was human feeling in the an exhibition of any feeling was rare with

[illegible] od flow. Red blood. He suddenly [illegible] fashion. Of course, he knew he had od—but he had never thought of it. He

not quite forty, and yet he lived his life cooped this place, which, when one thought of it, was both and smelly. It couldn't be denied—both stuffy and And yet he had red blood; the evidence was here. at his thumb; the cut still bled. and thought.

s of a 'cello came down to him. He knew the a young musician, a friend of his wife's, who to her. He [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] now. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] followed:—

prayed, "help me to understand; help

it came home to him, flooding his soul we live—to love. all his puny fears were as raindrops in beside this great fact now revealed to him. I did not know," he muttered. What a soulless machinery he had been! What a clod of earth! of shame coloured his face as he thought of his his wife. God! what a vile brute he was. buried his head in his hands; but at last he stood up, to atone for his years of neglect so far as it lay in to do so. His life would now be spent in her

walked upstairs and asked the maid where her mis-

[illegible] out, sir," replied the girl; "but she you this. She said you were not to be dis- whenever you were free would do." was a sealed envelope. He opened it, and read inside. passed his hand slowly across his quite understand at first. Then it small. mills ground slowly, but they had

ter ran:

have never cared for me; and you do not want my I have tried to do my duty towards you, but I see that in doing it [illegible] not fulfilled the duty I owe my [illegible] Who [illegible] made us live to love. That is what in you [illegible] learning, do not understand. We live to love. am leaving you—for ever. Good-bye."

ERIC DE BANZIE.

— The —
Bishop's Gate
Sports House

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

When we tell you we have a Safety Razor at one shilling each, including three blades, which will beat any guinea article of a similar nature on the market, you shrug your shoulders and say impossible. It is, however, a straight statement of fact, and we are quite willing for you to test it at our expense. If the razor does not give you the most delightful shave you had in your life, return it to us and we will refund your shilling, and 6d. extra to cover your expenses.

A LITTLE SUM.

You pay at least 2d. to be shaved.
Four shaves at 2d. equals 8d.
You tip the Barber one penny.
Four tips at 1d. equals 4d.
Total = 1/-
Our Razor costs one shilling.
Therefore it pays for itself in four shaves

WE ARE GUN MAKERS

Therefore we know something about steel, and it is in this that the secret of our razor lies; just give it a trial and you will say it is the best thing you have ever struck in all your life. Also remember, we make the above statements knowing them to be quite true, and are sure that, although the razor is so low a price, it will add to our reputation.

Send Now, you will never regret it.

CHARLES RIGGS & Co., LTD.,

GUN MAKERS,
107, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "AURIGA."

The markets generally look steadier. The dulness is put down to the disturbed state of domestic politics. Paris too is a very weak spot, and is holding back our markets constantly and preventing any buoyancy in the situation. The foreign exchanges demand constant attention in times like the present, and as without a great deal of study it is impossible to understand their inter-relations, the average city man leaves them out of his calculations, and is consequently unable to get a balanced view of the position. The Mexican exchange rate has been very erratic, falling considerably when the news came over that a Federal Bank was to be established, and jumping again when the report came that this idea had been abandoned by the Federals. General Villa, on the other hand, is gradually establishing his own banking arrangements, and his continued success darkens the outlook in Mexico. He is very little impressed with the responsibilities attached to power, and his recent actions have made the position of the American Government, in backing up the Constitutionalists, almost untenable. It is stated that at least four British subjects and over a hundred Americans have been murdered in Mexico since the revolution began. America does nothing but blame us for the trouble, charging us with having financed the overthrow of Madero and the extermination of the Madero family, thus floating Huerta to power on our oil interests. In the meantime she is waiting until either President Huerta or General Villa is killed, when matters would quickly settle down and the country would right itself.

* * *

THE BRAZILIAN POSITION is going to be worse than the Mexican, as Brazil's troubles are economic, whilst Mexico's are only political. The fall in prices of rubber and coffee—Brazil's two principal exports—means that this country is having to face a loss of about £6,000,000 a year in its credits with foreign countries, and this can only be met by fresh borrowings. Besides this economic trouble Brazil is on the verge of civil war between the North and South, and there is a very strong prospect of her making default in meeting her liabilities. Ergo Brazilian securities of all kinds should be sold; the prospect is for a constant fall, and any recovery for some long time is going to be a matter of extreme difficulty

* * *

HOME RAILWAYS at the moment are weaker, but the heavies should be bought at once. These will be one of the next stocks to be favoured by the investor, whose taste is distinctly in the direction of Home investments, and the heavy lines are really good all round. Of the more speculative issues Dover "A" and Chathams also show an upward tendency. Very little of this stock is on offer in the market at present.

* * *

The leading American rails are in better tone on this side, but in Wall Street the position is uncertain. The market there seems to dread further disclosures through the Inter-State Commission to the detriment of the railroads, such as the censure recently passed on the Milwaukee book-keeping, which was not without justification. Undoubtedly Inter-State Commission control will eventually impart a greater degree of soundness to Americans, and when investors are sure that the worst has been disclosed confidence will return. At the present moment we are threatened with severe criticism of the Pennsylvania line, one of the greatest in the world, and one cannot suppose that the accounts of the big roads would be attacked without some serious reason.

* * *

CANADIAN RAILS ARE IDLE. There is evidence of some reaction in the economic situation, and Canada is finding it very difficult to obtain funds. Still there are persistent buyers of Canadian Pacifics, and these, together with Grand Trunk ordinary and Third Preference, all show improvement.

* * *

RUBBER AND OIL.—Rubber is practically unchanged, Anglo-Malays remaining at 9s. 9d., Highlands 2⅜, Vallambrosas at 14s. 10½d., Rubber Trust 12s. 6d., and Linggi 16s. In Oils, British Colonial Petroleum have been and rose to 4s. on receipt of a cable from the manager that the Isintea well, third strata, cut at 406 metres penetrated to 412, commenced to spurt at intervals quantities of oil and gas and some sand. Other prices steady, but business generally is quiet. In the matter Peruvian Amazon Co. the report of the Official Receiver been issued. The statement discloses liabilities £275,000 against assets valued at over £1,050,000, deficiency of £72,000 as regards contributions. pany was formed in 1907 with a capital of £1,000, paid the firm of Arana £780,000 for the estates and nesses which became notorious in connection with Putumayo atrocities.

* * *

AMONGST MISCELLANEOUS SECURITIES markets were not active, and prices, generally speaking, are on the down grade. Brazilian Tractions fell. Car and Foundry were weak. Marconis were Cements are weaker, and there was a small decline on account of the new capital issue. National rose slightly to 15s. 3d. Brewery securities were Trust companies were higher. Banks remained and Insurance shares show gains in a few cases.

* * *

IN THE MINING MARKET Russians the front. The promised statement by the Russian Mining Corporation has now been issued the new concessions in the Altai district. Among information it is stated that the greater part of the new shares have been placed at a substantial premium the balance, it is anticipated, will be disposed of on equally good terms. These shares have eased to 2½. Russo-Asiatics improved to 7 3-16. Heavy Paris were responsible for losses in Coppers and Diamonds. The returns from the Car and Motor were quite good foreshadow a profit of 6s. per share. There has increasing demand for Transvaal Colliery outputs are beginning to increase considerably the establishment of an up-to-date coaling plant Marques, the output for 1913 being almost double 1912. The cheapest share at the moment in this perhaps the Middelburg Steam Coal and Coke, now par. This is a young colliery moderately capitalised an estimated life of 50 or 60 years.

* * *

Ashanti Goldfields are easier at 16s. on the announcement of the dividend of 9d. a share just announced as 1s. for the corresponding period last year. Those who watched the results of the company's crushing for some past will not be surprised at the reduction.

* * *

ACHILLE SERRE.—The available profit for the twelve months amounts to £16,694. A final dividend of 10 per cent is recommended on the Ordinary shares, 10 per cent for the year, £3,000 is placed to reserve, to securities realisation fund, and £3,194 is carried

A B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE

(45th Edition, 1914).

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Options. How to open an account with limited risk, to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers

FARROW, GRAHAM & Co.

84, PALL MALL, MANCHESTER.

When replying to Advertisements, mention "Modern Life."

THE KISSING MOUTH.

The Old Grandmother had dozed in her arm-chair for
f the afternoon; her spectacles had moved to all angles,
ne or otherwise, and she had grunted and she had snored.
en awakened, however, she was in high dudgeon at the
ggestion that she had had "forty winks."
Hoity, toity," she said. "I was only thinking with my
shut—and that's more than some folks can do with
eyes open."
Thinking about what?" asked her pretty grand-
ughter.
The Old Grandmother looked at her keenly:
Maybe about you," she said.
The girl sat in a rush-seated chair in the kitchen of the
farm where she had lived all her life. The Old Grand-
other was a widow, and her eldest son and his family
oughed the land of their ancestors.
Betty smiled:
Your cap is awry, Grannie."
The Old Grandmother nodded her head.
Maybe, maybe. But 'tis no matter. I have no need
spend time before the looking glass, as you do,
ild."
Betty blushed, for she was innocently vain of her pretty
ce.
Her mother went off to the dairy: her father was out, and
three brothers occupied in looking after the calves and
e return of the cows for the night.
The Old Grandmother and Betty were alone.
I'm not very vain," said Betty.
Not very, pet lamb, but too vain to be good for you."
I go up to London to-morrow," said Betty, gravely but
andly.
The Old Woman coughed away a tear.
I know—I know. My memory is all right, if my dratted
gs aren't," she said. "But, child, the city is full of
lessness, and young girls need to take care of them-
lves."
I am going to the 'West End,'" said Betty, as if she
oke of a village, and not London proper.
Ay, and that's the worst part of it, lovey," said the old
oman. "I mind when I was in the West End once, wait-
g for my Robert. We were on our honeymoon, and I was
alone at a street corner, taking no notice of anyone.
strange man came up and spoke to me."
Betty leaned nearer.
Oh, Grannie, what did you do?"
He said," said the Old Grandmother, "just this: 'Can
ou tell me the way to Hyde Park,' and I said 'Lor, no,
that I cannot. I am only just up from the country.'"
The Old Grandmother paused.
Betty waited in silence for her to speak.
He said to me," continued the old woman, "'I like you—
ou've got the kissing mouth.'"
Betty smiled.
I wonder what he meant?" she said in her innocence.
The Old Grandmother stretched out a hand to her.
Child, all young women have 'the kissing mouth,' and
s well for them if they use it as it should be used. Kisses
re precious, lovey. Keep them all for your own true love
hen you meet him, and how he'll love you for that."
Betty shook back her golden hair.
I'll mind what you say, Gran.," she said.
The Old Grandmother pressed her hand.
There are girls," she said, "who do sell their kisses—
listen to flattery and take fine gifts. Lovey, do you keep
ll men at a pitchfork's length, and when they tell you
ou've got the kissing mouth and don't mention a wedding
ring—child, slap their saucy faces. If they're men they'll
orgive 'ee."
Betty bent nearer to the Old Grandmother.
I'll remember, Gran.," she said. "Don't be afraid.
is Grace will look after me herself; she said so, and a
dy's maid hasn't much chance of being run off with."
The Old Grandmother struggled with overtaking drowsi-
ess.
There's servants of the devil everywhere," she said,
iftly, "and you've got the kissing mouth, lovey, sure
enough."
When she slept again Betty, listening to her breathing,
looked into the heart of the fire in the twilight and thought
f the town of to-morrow, and the kisses a maid might
ake.

C. N.

Coming Issue of

MOTOR OMNIBUS AND COMMERCIAL MOTOR SHARES.

The continued magnificent success of the London General Omnibus Company has given birth to a scheme which promises eventually to become even greater than is possible in London alone. The scheme referred to is that of the **Rapid Motor Omnibus and Haulage Co., Ltd.**, who hold contracts with the Daimler Co., of Coventry, for a considerable fleet of the latest types of Motor Omnibuses for passenger services in the Provinces, and Haulage Vehicles for goods services all over the United Kingdom.

Objects of the Company.

This Company will supply new, fully equipped, up-to-date motor omnibus and motor haulage services throughout the kingdom in districts which are sufficiently populous to secure profitable working conditions. The necessity for such services is daily increasing, and must increase for many years to come. Another branch of the Company's activity is the motor char-a-banc, a fleet of which will be placed in active service during the summer months. This useful car seats thirty-six persons, and the char-a-banc bodies being interchangeable with lorry bodies, can be easily converted for transport work in the winter. It is pointed out in a draft Prospectus before us that only *new* vehicles, embodying every improvement known to motor engineering skill, will be used by this Company for both passenger and goods traffic.

Door-to-door Delivery.

In a recent issue the *Daily Telegraph* stated that "with the present high railway rates, motor transport becomes a fierce competitor with railway porterage. In fact, in many cases it is a big economy to use the self-propelled waggon in place of the railway truck. In the case of perishable goods, for instance, instead of the merchandise lying in the railway trucks for a day or two, with a chance of spoiling, it is delivered direct to the door of the consumer at a reduced cost for transport charges, irrespective of saving the handling from and to the railway goods yard. This *door-to-door* delivery is one of the strong points of motor traction, and deserves the serious consideration of all traders and business men."

Capital of the Company.

The capital of the Company will be £315,000, divided into 300,000 Preferred Ordinary Shares of £1 each, and 300,000 Deferred Shares of 1s. each, of which 200,000 will shortly be offered for subscription. The Preference Shares are entitled to be paid out of the net profits of each year, in which it shall be determined to distribute a fixed cumulative dividend for such year at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, and the balance of profit earned in each year will be divisible among the holders of the Deferred Shares.

Estimated Profits.

Assuming that 200 omnibuses are employed, a low estimate, a revenue of 10d. per mile per 'bus running 100 miles per day, or 30,000 miles per year, shows a profit per 'bus of £1,250, or £250,000 per annum on the fleet. Added to this, £5,000 for advertising on these vehicles, bringing the estimated revenue up to £255,000. Against this, allowing for garage accommodation, wages, oil, grease, taxes, depreciation, and numerous etceteras, £200,000 is deducted, showing an estimated profit of £55,000. This would allow for an 8 per cent. Dividend on 200,000 Preferred Ordinary Shares, leaving a surplus profit of £39,000. This estimate is based on the report of Mr. Sidney Critchley, M.I.M.E., M.I.A.E., in whose opinion the Company's contract with the Daimler Company for the supplying of new chassis is a most valuable one. This gentleman is one of the most experienced motor engineers in the City, and his report on the value of routes, districts, and the project as a whole is therefore worthy of careful consideration, as he is one of the most capable of men in this branch of the motor industry.

Complete details and Prospectus can be obtained from the Secretary,

GENERAL RAPID TRANSIT, Ltd.,

66, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

With Easter falling late this year a return to the old order will be made, and Lincoln opens the flat-racing season, as Kempton Park and other Bank Holiday gatherings did last year. The opening of a new campaign is always looked forward to with the utmost keenness by all sportsmen, and there will be the usual great revival in the game when the ball is set rolling on the Carholme on Monday. The English turf was probably never in a more prosperous condition than at the present moment, and the value of our good thoroughbreds increases each year. It is a matter for regret from a racing point of view that those two crack performers, Tracery and Prince Palatine, have been retired to the stud, and now the question of which is the best horse in training is an open one.

* * *

The displays of that smashing grey, The Tetrarch, who last season gained for himself the reputation of being the best two-year-old of a decade, made the son of Roi Herode—Vahren a great favourite with the public, and it is unfortunate that at this period of the year his well-being is surrounded by mystery. Many contradictory rumours about the colt have gone the rounds during the winter, and it is common knowledge that Mr. John Coleman, the well-known Epsom veterinary surgeon, has visited Stockbridge in connection with him. It is understood that drastic measures had to be resorted to with the horse, and he has been fired in his off fore-leg. Still, the latest reports from his training quarters state that Capt. McCalmont's horse is now progressing favourably in his gallops, and those who have recently supported him at short rates for the Derby evidently know something about his condition. Many shrewd judges are, however, content to await developments, and it must be taken into consideration that if nothing had been amiss with The Tetrarch the odds at the moment against him winning the Epsom classic would not be the 4 to 1 on offer now, but less than half that price.

* * *

There are generally several important developments in connection with the Lincolnshire and the Grand National in the few days prior to those important races being decided, and this year is no exception to the rule. There have been many changes in the market on the Lincolnshire, and at the time of writing the wagering is very open. A great deal of support has been accorded Aghdoe, a well-bred horse, who ran in the best company with credit last year. With 7st. 9lb. to shoulder Aghdoe is certainly not badly treated, on his best form, as at Liverpool last summer he beat Night Hawk, who subsequently won the St. Leger, and Aboyeur, the fortunate winner of the sensational Derby, in the St. George's Stakes. The great doubt about Mr. FitzGerald's colt is whether he is speedy enough for the Carholme mile.

* * *

The two concerned in the unsatisfactory finish to the race last year—Cuthbert and Berrilldon—have both failed to give satisfaction in trials at Newmarket. Berrilldon in particular did badly in his spin, and it appears very unlikely that he will follow up his success of last year. Cuthbert has been tried on two occasions. On the first the distance covered in the spin was five furlongs, so little attention need be paid to that gallop, in which he finished last to two moderate horses. But in his second spin he again failed badly behind Cheleken and Idlewild over a mile, and on that account he has gone out in the wagering. Still, Cuthbert is one of those horses who cannot be satisfactorily tried, as he never does his best on the training ground, so his chance of success cannot be ignored because of his failure at home. Tuxedo, Bonbon Rose, Knuck-na-Corriga and Cigar have all been well backed recently, and there has been a lot of money for Mediator. All these hold chances on their best form, but in my opinion the race will fall to either

HAPPY WARRIOR or ROMEO,

and Cuthbert may secure a place.

* * *

The Grand National meeting at Aintree this week promises to be one of the most successful on record. The King and Queen will honour the fixture with their presence, and Their Majesties will drive round the course on the day before the Grand National. His Majesty's candidate for the Twelfth Lancer, is now said to be very fit indeed, spite of recent failures he is expected to do well at Nothing would be more popular than a royal victory blue riband of the steeplechasing world, but after the horse fall at Kempton Park I cannot fancy Liverpool.

* * *

Until a few days ago it appeared likely that the candidate, Lutteur III., would start a warm favourite effort to repeat his success of 1909. Lutteur III. slightly sprained his near hock the other day, and quence had to be rested. This mishap, practically eve of the race, is not, of course, in his favour, not surprising that he has gone out in the betting. Hennessy's horse was fit and well on the day he shou beat Covertcoat, last year's winner, on the Hurst Park but in any case I do not think either of them can shouldering their big burthens with success. has of late come into great favour in the market, and has been backed by the right people. The last-named have the assistance of Frank Morgan in the saddle he should do better than his stable companion, Bloss Lack of space prevents me going into full details summing up briefly I think

CARRIGRUE

will gain a popular victory for Lord Derby, and that and Regent are likely to finish in the first three.

* * *

Apart from the two big spring handicaps the Lincoln during the first three days of this week Liverpool on Thursday, Friday and Saturday thoroughly interesting.

* * *

On the opening day at Lincoln Brotherstone, who beat Berrilldon in a trial, should be a good thing Welbeck Three-Year-Old Handicap. The Canwick Stakes may fall to Bedfellow, and the Hainton Gay Bachelor.

* * *

The Brocklesby Stakes on Tuesday is certain to a large field, and may fall to Carreno, of whom I accounts from Newmarket. The Batthyany Han the same day may fall to The Boss, and Susan the Northern Welter Handicap.

* * *

I have already dealt with the Lincolnshire on Wed and of the minor events on that day's card the Kesteven may be won by Chief's Right, and the Doddington by Pochard.

* * *

Most interest in the racing at Liverpool on Thurs be centred in the Spring Cup, which is likely to a useful field. This prize may be won by Redwing Stand Welter Selling Plate may fall to Melton Pri

* * *

On the second day, when the Grand National decided, Stung Again may secure the Knowsley Plate Saucepan the Thursday Selling Handicap. The Hurdle Handicap on Saturday should be won by the Maghull Plate by Speron, and the Cup Course Handicap by Clifton Hill.

She: You would hardly believe it, Mr. Jones, young lady by the window has a hundred dresses.

He: Indeed! Then why on earth doesn't she put them on?

* * *

Notice in an American paper: "The Editor desires subscribers to pay up as he wishes to play a similar on his creditors."

* * *

Mother: And how did my darling like being at church for first time, and did you put a penny in the collection plate): Very much, mamma, and it wasn't dear!

* * *

Customer (to chiropodist): What is your charge for removing corns?

Chiropodist Half a guinea the foot!

Customer: Hang it all, man, you don't suppose I've 'em as big as all that, do you?

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

The production of a new shape of hat has been mentioned in a trade paper, and now, having seen one in actual wear, may give my modest opinion upon it.

* * *

It was described as a cross between an ordinary silk top and a stiff felt, and is in reality a square cornered silk hat. I cannot imagine the style of man this hat would suit. The man I saw wearing it down Whitehall way looked like it, "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring," as the old saying has it, and I think cross-breeds in hats might advantageously be given the "go by" in favour of the pure strains, "felts," "toppers," and "softs."

* * *

An item of startling interest to men is the fact that side whiskers have arrived in town. They have only just arrived, but the fashion is spreading like measles. I have not seen the fact chronicled in any of the London dailies, nor yet in the provincial ones, so this is the first intimation, and the chance for any enterprising provincial reader to set the new fashion in his own city, borough, or town.

* * *

The side whisker is being worn mostly in conjunction with a moustache, but frequently also on the otherwise cleanly shaven face. It is semi-Frenchy, semi-artistic, and goes with dark hair, worn long, and a poetic appearance. In length, the new whisker should be short, stopping a little short of level with lobe of ear.

* * *

J. G., Skipton, has a pair of boots in a shade of brown which is unpleasing to him, and he wants to know how to tone the colour down. If the boots are of natural leather the cure is time, exposure to weather and repeated application of polish, and a mixture of beeswax and turpentine would help to hasten the darkening process. Flagrantly new leather, whether in brown boots or a portmanteau, is an eyesore.

* * *

There are, however, boots on sale in England (imported, I believe, either from Germany or America—where the Monroe doctrine comes from) in a variety of fancy colours from tan to green, produced in a leather with a prepared surface—a semi-patent leather or glacé surface. These will never tone down in colour, and they split in half the time that an honest English un-faked leather would do.

* * *

I recommend J. G. to see that his brown boots are made from English leather, and he will find that the handsome seasoned tan colour will arrive in due time.

* * *

A Tunbridge Wells student of Outer Man writes asking for my advice upon the cut of a lounge suit in blue serge, stating that he is six feet high, thin, and further asks what I consider a fair price to pay for the suit.

* * *

A suit in a plain, dark cloth, for a tall and thin man, requires skill upon the part of the tailor. Any giving of breadth to the lanky figure can only be done by an ample width of cloth judiciously distributed. For instance, if the chest measurement is thirty-eight and the coat is cut to a good forty—well cut and properly balanced—a man will look the best part of two inches broader than he actually is; but it requires a good tailor to effect this successfully.

* * *

Then I am asked what I consider a fair price to pay. This is a most difficult question to answer. Blue serges are bought and sold in the wholesale market at prices varying from one shilling to five or six shillings per yard. The price of making a pair of trousers, in London, varies from one shilling a pair up to say ten shillings; and mark you, gentle reader, at each and every figure in price, from lowest to highest, in cloth, and in workmanship, it is a case of value received.

* * *

Your tailor does not pay three shillings a yard for a cloth he can buy elsewhere at half-a-crown. He does not pay ten shillings for the making of a pair of trousers, made as he could get them made for five shillings. The proper and reasonable price for any suit depends upon the material in it, and the workmanship put upon it. On an average, however, I would say that a tailor selling for cash, giving a sound, reliable, all-wool serge of Indigo dye, soft but durable trimmings, and good and sightly cutting and workmanship, can do so at seventy shillings for the suit. Below that price he will have to save money at some point, and if he goes beyond that price he will give his customer some advantage in cloth or workmanship.

* * *

Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring a prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find it necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in *Modern Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their own peril. The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

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